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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3275

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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IN NEXT WEEK'S SUMMER NUMBER; an Anatomy of Richmond Green: fashion in the summer swim: *by Unity Barnes*



Girl in the shade of an outsize straw hat and dark glasses by Newbolds was photographed in the Bahamas by Norman Eales. She sets a theme of summer further developed by fashion editor Unity Barnes (page 562 onwards) in her choice of cool, cool dresses for long, warm evenings. Summer shoppers should turn to page 557 where Philip Townsend reports in pictures on the boom in boutiques. News from the home front is supplied (page 572) by Angela Ince who discusses the newest wall coverings, from jungle grass and subtle suede to patterned chintz and bold hessian. Summer outings are provided by Romano Cagnoni's pictures of the floodlit Royal Windsor Horse Show and by Van Hallan attending an evening concert at stately Claydon

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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Derby, today.

Bath Festival, today to 14 June.

Nurses' Summer Ball, the Dorchester, in aid of the Gt. Ormond St. Hospital for Sick Children, 5 June. (Details, Mr. G. J. Piller, HOL 9200.)

Stonyhurst & Downside Dance, Hurlingham Club, 6 June.

River Ball, aboard the *Royal Sovereign*, 9 June, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Mrs. Davenport, LAN 5965.)

Air Ball, the Dorchester, 10 June. (Tickets, £3 10s., from Mrs. Madge Clarke, FRE 2285.)

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House, 10-25 June.

Authors' Ball, London Hilton, 10 June.

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 11-13 June.

Aldeburgh Festival, Suffolk, 11-21 June.

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 13 June.

Sussex Festival dinner, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, 13 June; music and drama, Charleston Manor, Alfriston, 14 June. (KEN 8547.)

Royal Ascot, 16-19 June.

Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead, 17 June.

Sandhurst June Ball, 19 June.

(Details, Major Ian Forrest, Camberley 21122, Ex. 45.)

Princess Alexandra & the Hon. Angus Ogilvy will attend a ball in aid of the World Wildlife Fund, at Osterley Park, Middlesex, on 22 June.

Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 22 June-4 July.

Midsummer Night's Dinner, in the Great Hall, Hampton Court, to celebrate the Shakespeare Quatercentenary, 24 June (Tickets, 10 gns., from the Hon. Organizer, 2 Old Burlington St., W.1.)

British-American Ball, London Hilton, 25 June.

"The Island Run", adventure cruise organized by the National Trust for Scotland. Berths from £45. 12-19 Sept. (CAL 2184/5.)

UNIVERSITY DANCES

Oxford: Hertford Summer Ball; Keble Midsummer Ball; Queen's Summer Ball, 19 June; Magdalen Commem.; University Commem.; St. John's Commem., 22 June; Worcester 250th Anniversary Ball; Exeter 650th Anniversary Ball; Jesus Commem.; Trinity Commem., 23 June.

Cambridge: First & Third Trinity May Ball; Sidney Sussex May Ball; Selwyn May Ball; Churchill May Ball, 15

June; St. Catharine's May Ball, 16 June.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Epsom, today-5; Carlisle, 4; Pontefract, 5; Catterick Bridge, Chepstow, Kempton Park, 6; Nottingham, 6, 8; Folkestone, Edinburgh, 8; Alexandra Park, 9 June.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. Australia, Trent Bridge, 4-9 June.

SAILING

Forth Week, to 6 June.

MUSICAL

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Iolanthe* 5 June (last perf.); *La Vie Parisienne*, 4, 6 June. (last perf.) 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Albert Hall. New Philharmonia Orchestra with Claudio Arrau (piano), 7.30 p.m., 4 June; Claudio Arrau, 7.30 p.m., 7 June (WEL 8418). **Fenton House**, Hampstead. Camden Wind Quintet, 8 p.m., 10 June. (PRI 7142.) **Kenwood House**. Gerald Moore (piano), lecture-recital, 7.30 p.m., 7 June. **Rangers House**, Blackheath. London Harpsichord Ensemble, 7.30 p.m., 7 June. (WAT 5000, Ext. 8059/60.)

Wigmore Hall. Stockholm



GOING PLACES—in this case to Japan—by Pan American the editor of the TATLER, Mr. John Oliver. With him (centre) is Mr. A. F. Rockall, art director of *Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd.*, a member of the Thomson Organisation, Ltd., and (left) photographer Mr. D. Kidman

Chamber Choir, cond. Ericsor, 7.30 p.m., 12 June. (PRI 7142.)

Lunchtime concert, Wigmore Hall. Gillian Sansom (violin), Geoffrey Pratley (piano), 12.55 p.m., 9 June. (Adm.: 2s., students, 6d.)

FAIR

World Book Fair, Earls Court, 10-20 June.

FIRST NIGHTS

Queen's. *St. Joan of the Stockyards*, 4 June.

Scala. Polish State Jewish Theatre, 8 June.

Phoenix. *The Golden Rivet*, 10 June.

Aldwych. *The Birthday Party*, 18 June.

BRIGGS by Graham



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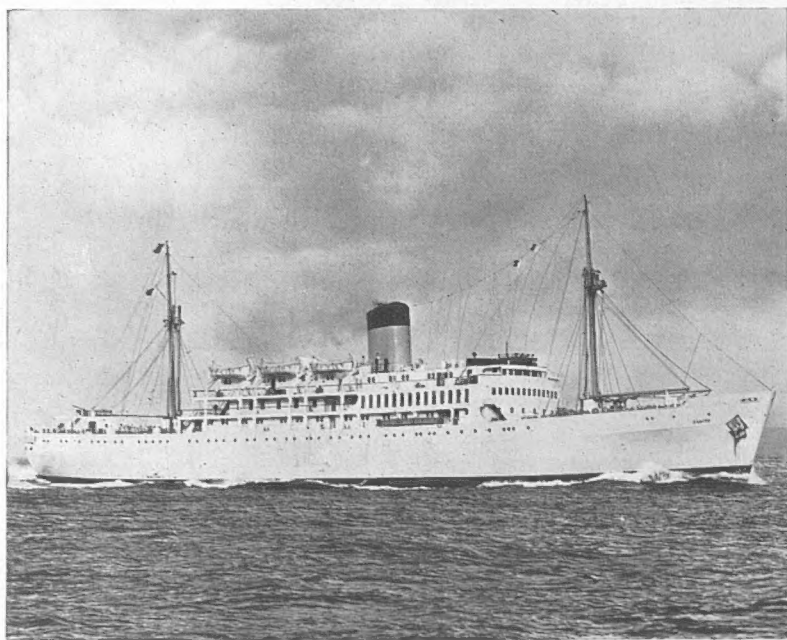
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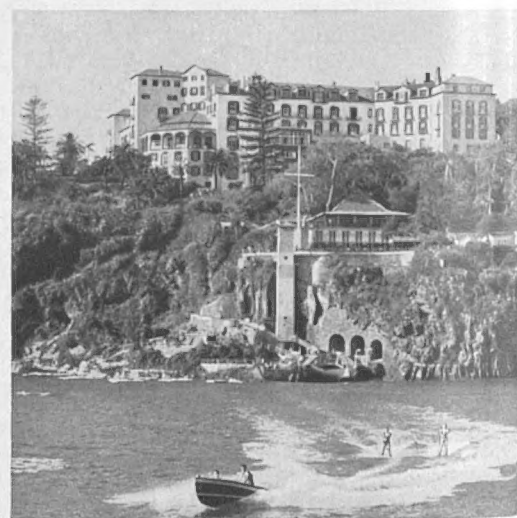
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GOING PLACES



ABROAD

Its beauty is something we know all about; the Gothic lines of its hills, dominated by the delicate tracery of Monte Perrone; the steeply indented coastline, from whose high corniche roads you can see the very pebbles on the ocean bed. The wild flowers of early summer—cyclamen, iris, snapdragon, sparked by the bright shooting stars of yellow broom. Nothing can change all that. But the inevitable question, on revisiting Elba or any other Mediterranean island, after five years, is: how much has happened to it?

I am a sceptic where the word "spoiled" is concerned. Spoiled for whom? Given that shops and cafés already exist in the fishing ports (people did live there, after all, before the first tourist set foot) does the availability of French, German and English newspapers, the know-how of the barmen with Negronis, Martinis and ice in the drinks spoil a place? It depends. Almost every hotel I visited in early May was empty awaiting the big rush that starts in June, climaxes in August and continues into September.

In a rather naïve way Elba has become internationalized—on every level, from the camping sites which are beloved particularly by the Germans and Scandinavians, to large, comfortable hotels such as the Hermitage, whose clientele is about 60 per cent British. The waterfront restaurants of Porto Azzurro have the pennants of over a dozen nations strung out from their flagpoles, with menus translated into four languages posted outside (I adored "boilend beef"). But—and greatly to their credit—the culinary standards are not skimped, and prices, level for level, are as low as anywhere in Italy. We by-passed the pennant-flying establishments in favour of a quieter-looking *pensione*, the Arrighi, whose canopied terrace ran along the side of the port; and there lunched superbly on the local fish soup, *cacciucco*. More fish than soup, it ranks as a main dish. As a guiding line, lunch for two, including a preliminary pasta, aperitifs, wine and coffee, came to 30s. The Arrighi has some simple bedrooms; rates for two are just over £4

a day, with private shower and full pension.

Elba can be toured with ease in a couple of days, and there are a number of pretty white roads along the coast, plus some glorious mountain landscape in the interior, which make it worth having a car. But it is essentially a place for lying about. Lying at its most comfortable, perhaps, is at the Hermitage at Biodola. Bedroom cabañas are strung out along stone paths through the olive terraces, the beach is one of the best in the island, and the food is good hotel food (quite different fare from the *frittura* and fish soups of the *trattorie* and the smaller *pensioni*). Full pension rates (the discount for absentee meals is negligible) are from 5,000 lire each (about £3), rising slightly in high season. Together with other resort hotels, it opens in early May, closes on 15 October.

Visualizing the island as being almost butterfly-shaped, the left-hand wing is the one to go for. The main resort villages of Biodola, Procchio and Marciana Marina are strung out along the north coast. All have good beaches, lots of *pensioni*, and a sprinkling of nice boutiques and bars. Among the conventional resort hotels, I liked the Desirée at Procchio. A steep corniche road runs high along the wild and lovely curve of the west coast, through Chiesi, Pomonte and Fetovaia, easing finally round into the big southern gulf of Marina di Campo. Pomonte, which is completely unexploited, is more like a Greek island village than an Italian one. It has low, white cottages, and unpaved lanes bound by stone walls: pale, dry cactus and fig trees. We ordered a carafe of wine on the terrace of the only *pensione* in the village, the Villa Mare. Bright umbrellas, white-pebbled beach and the clarity of water that goes with it; hot blue heavens and a view on the horizon to the islands of Monte Cristo, Pianosa, Corsica and Caprera worked their usual magic.

I walked into the shade behind a bead-slung doorway to investigate. In the front parlour was a little bar and a framed hairdressers' diploma belonging to the proprietress, Madame Metz, who comes from

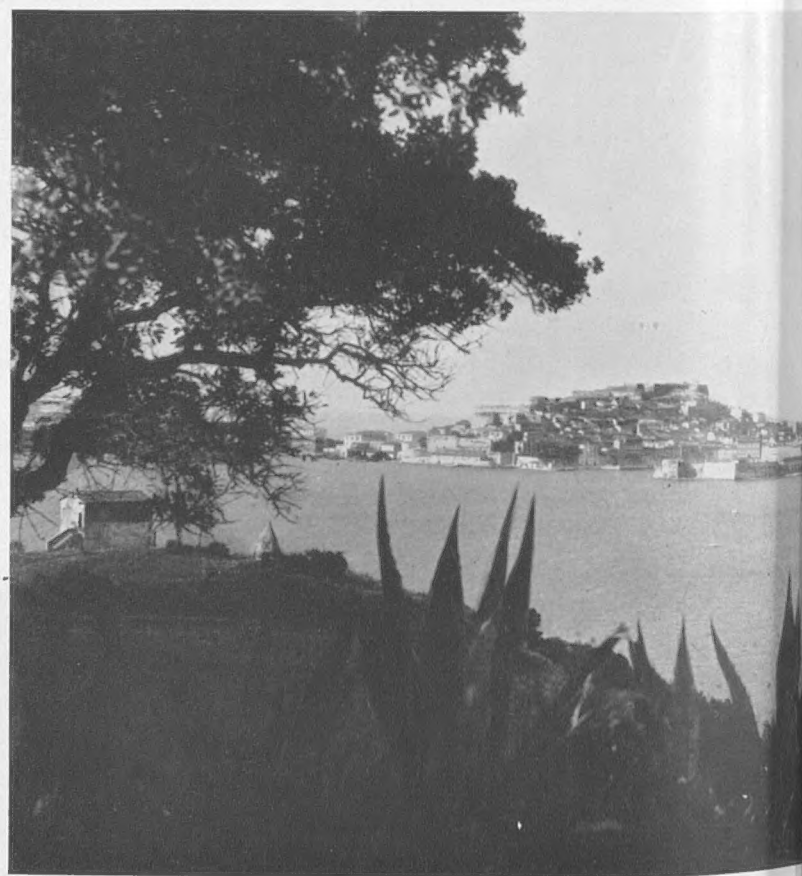
Marseille. In the back room, a grocer's shop. Upstairs, nine simple bedrooms and a newly installed, surprisingly handsome bathroom. Rates are just 12s. 6d. for a double room, or 30s. each for full pension. If the pebbles won't do, you have a sandy beach complete with restaurant and barten minutes' drive away, at Fetovaia. Pomonte and its proximities appealed to me enormously, but I have no wish to mislead other people into expecting of it more than it is; something very, very simple.

Marina di Campo is on the south coast between the island's two wings. It is an attractive fishing town with a big sweep of sandy bay and still, shallow waters (I scribbled in my notebook: good for children). The Miramare is reasonably comfortable—a better bet, I should say, than the more grandiose Iselba—and has a good restaurant. There is plenty to do, in terms of shops, cafés and bars, and Marina has the

island's only real nightclub, the Kon Tiki, with restaurant and terraces for dancing built out over the rocks.

A main road links Marina di Campo with the north coast in 10 minutes, and with the chief port of Portoferraio in half an hour. This is a lively little town with an old port of great beauty, and it is the only part of the island which is a going concern the year round. If you like to spend your evenings in town, making sorties each day to different restaurants and beaches, the Darsena is a useful alternative to the resort hotels. It is comfortable and well serviced, and its bedrooms and balconies jut out over the ships' masts in the prettiest part of the old harbour. Open all year.

Elba is not for sightseeing in the real sense of the word, but the mementoes of Napoleon's brief exile and his little kingdom have been preserved in his summer palace at San Martino and in his official residence, the Villa dei Mulini, which is built high into the ramparts of Portoferraio. San Martino has a beautiful and evocative setting, but the interesting things to see are in the town palace.



TRAVEL LINES

by John Grant

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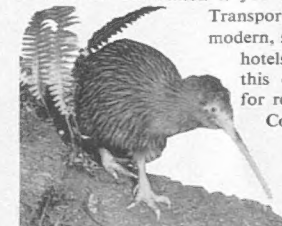
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IMAGES OF ELBA: sanctuary of the Madonna del Monte among chestnut woods at Marciana, where the exiled Napoleon stayed with Marie Walewska. Left: Portoferraio harbour. Far left: Portoferraio from the sea

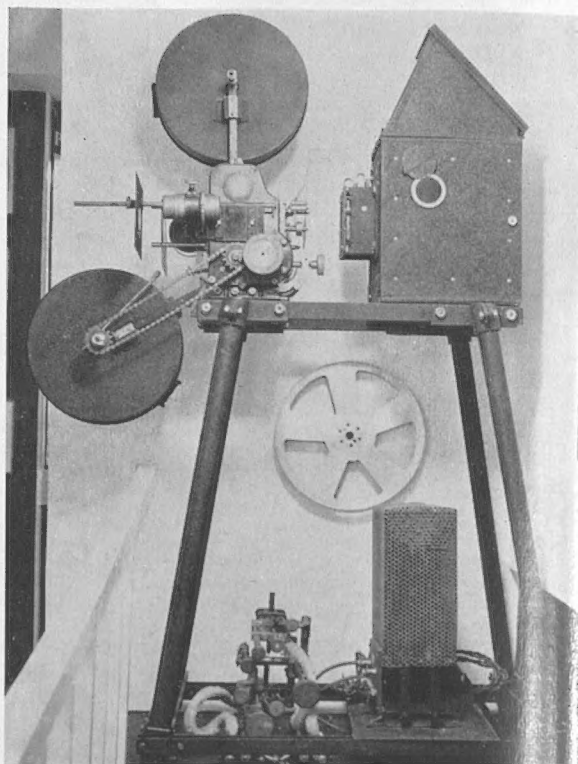
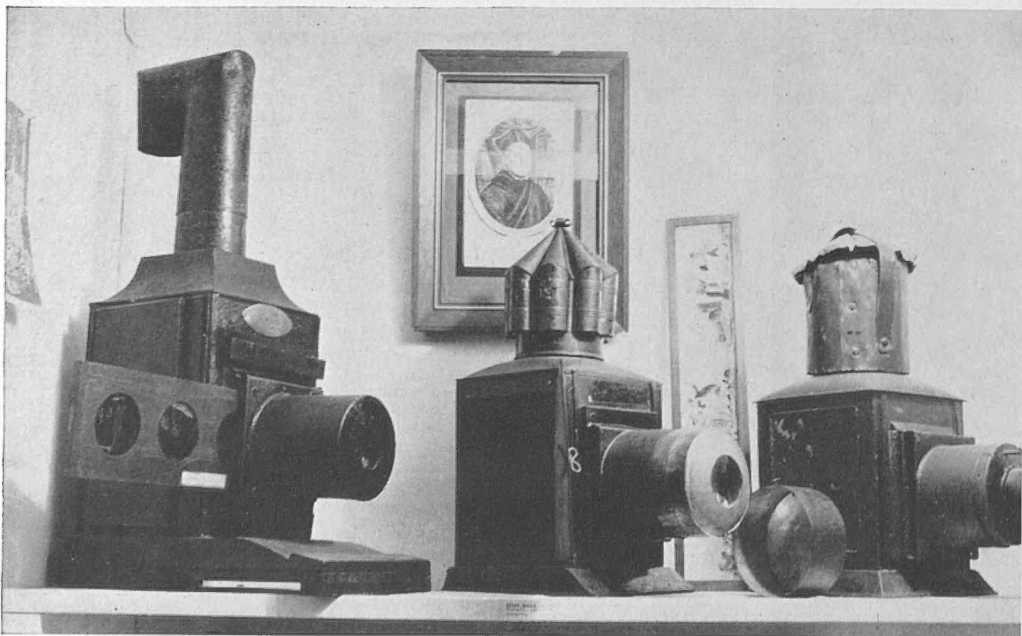
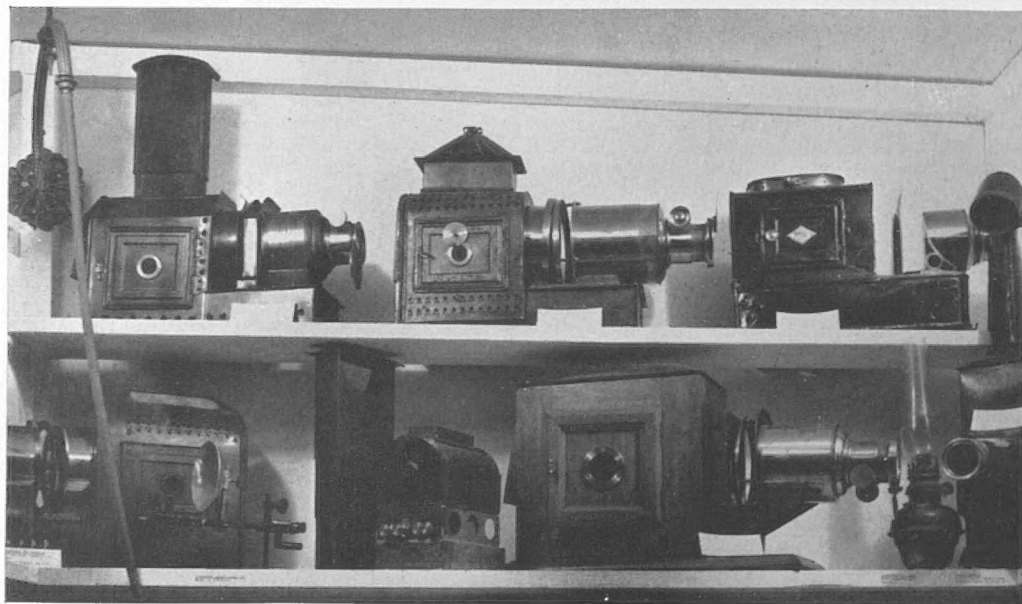
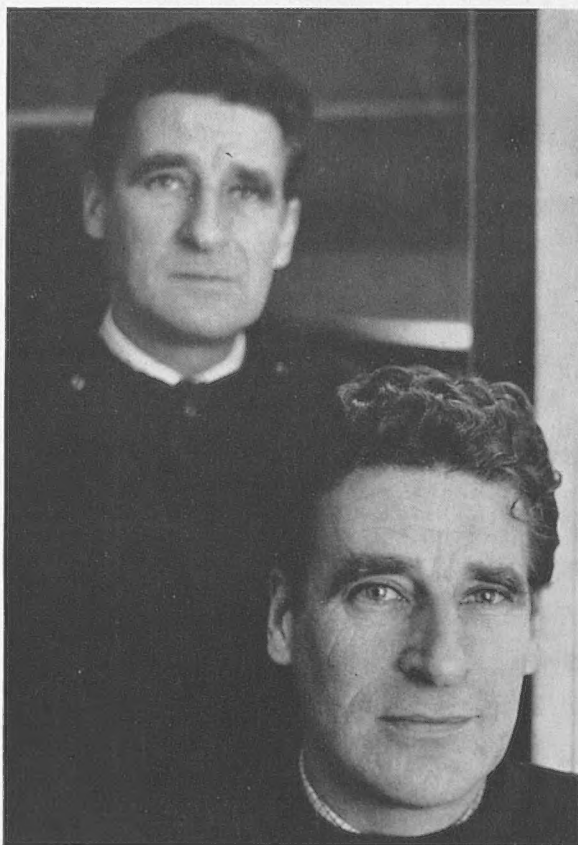
CINEMA MUSEUM

There is an eternal joy in optical illusion, vision toys and moving photographs which has culminated in today's majestic cinematic events.

Thaumotropes, phenakistascopes and zoetropes are part of the history of cinematography and unique examples of these early experiments towards the permanent recording of sight are part of the private collection of identical twins John and Bill Barnes. They began collecting just after the war, starting with Oriental shadows, and soon gutted a house in the main street of St. Ives in Cornwall to enlarge it and show off all their items. Last year it was opened to the public for the first time.

During the winter Bill works as a cameraman, John tends the museum.

Prized among their finds is an original work by Athanasius Kircher, an adventurous Jesuit who used the magic lantern for his congregation in 1645



Above: Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life, invented by W. G. Horner of Bristol in 1833—inside the drum is a paper strip with figures which appear to move as the drum is revolved. On the right, a projecting phenakistoscope through which separate slides are projected in sequence at a speed high enough to give the illusion of movement.

Top: A 35 mm. projector made under Kamms Patent in 1918. It uses a carbon arc lamp. Left: Some 18th-century English lanterns with slides; the left hand one is marked "Jones of London 1799". A long slide with progressive pictures to be slid through the lantern leans against the wall. All used candelight. On the wall an engraving of Athanasius Kircher, first recorded user of the lantern. Above left: Magic lanterns and their illuminants, from which the cinema projector developed. The lanterns became more sophisticated during the 19th-century, with better lenses, dissolving apparatus and brighter lights, including kerosene and the British Oxygen Company's Limelight

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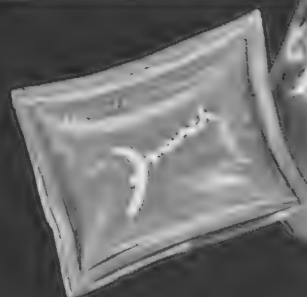
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GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Whistling Oyster, 32 Great Queen Street, W.C.2—opposite the Connaught Rooms. (HOL 6383.) Open 11 a.m. to midnight. C.S. At this address Captain Cunningham has created one of the most elegant restaurants in London. Knotted pine and craftsmanship of a high order have been brought together, and not even the ceilings have been forgotten, for they act as frames for silver chandeliers of notable beauty. The furnishings match the setting, with comfortable chairs and tables set well apart. The accent is on fish, but there is meat if you want it. Among the specialities are hot crab *au gratin*, Lobster Cunningham, and boned spring chicken. I enjoyed the giant prawns, tastefully displayed in silver, and an excellent sole Colbert. It was served without parsley butter, which I like, but this is a matter of opinion. The wine list has been well chosen, the Pouilly Fumé we drank was excellent, and the service attentive. Allow about 35s. per head without wine.

I would choose this restaurant for a leisurely meal, but if you want something in a hurry it is no trouble to them. It is only a step from the Royal Opera House and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. They cater for small private parties. W.B.

Eating round the world in London:

1. French Provincial

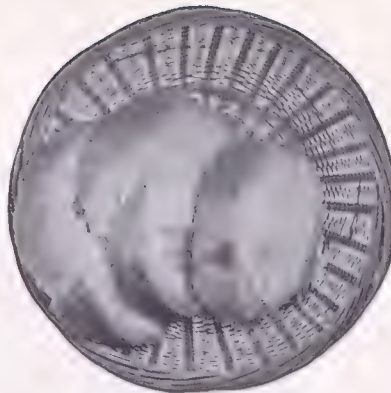
Chez Solange, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square; **Au Pere de Nico**, Lincoln Street, Chelsea; **La Récolte**, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square; **Wolfe's**, Abingdon Road; **La Toque Blanche**, Abingdon Road; **Chez Cleo**, Harrington Gardens, Gloucester Road; **Albert's**, 53 Beak Street, Regent Street; **Restaurant Gavurin**, 6 Park Road, Regent's Park; **Chez Victor**, 45 Wardour Street; **Genevieve**, 13/14 Thayer Street, W.1; **Le P'tit Montmartre**, 15 Marylebone Lane; **Marcel**, 14 Sloane Street.

Surrey target

It is exactly 20 miles and about 55 minutes running time from London to the **Mayflower Hotel** and restaurant (Cobham, Surrey, 3006) between Cobham

and Ripley. And it is worth the journey. What impressed me? The smiling welcome, a prelude to impeccable service in the pleasant bar and comfortable restaurant. The excellence of the *pâté maison* and fried fillets of sole; the fact that the fruit salad was made from really fresh fruit; and the list of speciality lobster and trout dishes—both are taken live from the tank. In addition I commend the quality and balance of the wine list, the Pouilly Fumé we drank, and the care taken to bring red wines to the proper temperature.

There is a well-kept garden for a fine, warm day. It is not cheap, for lobsters, trout, gulls' eggs and English strawberries in May cannot be, but the 21s. luncheon is good value for money. They pride themselves on their Caneton Bigarrade, 45s. for two persons, and Filet de Boeuf Perigourdine, 42s. for two. The manager and managing director of the Mayflower is Mr. Julian Peck. W.B.



TO EAT

particularly as it contains maps to show where the various hotels are.

. . . and a reminder

L'Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek Street, Soho. (GER 4460.)

A change of ownership has not destroyed its atmosphere and standards.

Jabberwocky, 145 Ebury Street, S.W.1. (SLO 7847.) *Simple and small, but cooking of high quality with good wines.*

Rigoletto, 26, Romilly Street, Soho. (GER 5302.) *New, pleasantly got up, with good cooking and reasonable prices.*

Hunting Lodge, 16 Lower Regent Street. (WHI 4222.) *Opulent dining in opulent surroundings.*

Vine Grill 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG 5789.) *Small and popular, specializing in high quality steaks and chops.*

Les Pies Qui Rient, 2 Abingdon Road, High Street Kensington End. (WES 3737.) *High Quality French cooking in quite English surroundings.*

Stars and their courses

The **Guide Auto-Journal**, produced in France for *Gourmet*, is a publication with which the traveller in that country could have a lot of fun. The writers of it set themselves such a high standard that they name only two restaurants in all France—Laperouse in Paris and La Pyramide at Vienne—that they consider worthy of three stars. Eight get two stars and 48 one. The rest in a guide of over 300 pages are classed as good. One of the conditions of inclusion is that the restaurant must offer at least one menu at under 12 NF (approx. 17s. 6d.). Some of my favourites are in, but others are not. It costs 10s. 6d. in Britain from Sifton Praed, 67 St. James's Street, S.W.1, and as it obviously is based on expert knowledge it is certainly worth the money,



Angelo (centre) and Mario (right) own and manage the Hostaria Romana in Dean Street, one of the most popular of Soho's Italian trattorias. Both were at the Savoy before starting on their own

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WINDSOR WONDERLAND—the floodlit session of the Royal Windsor Horse Show with the castle as a fairytale backdrop provided an evening of rare enchantment whose highlight was the Musical Ride of the Household Cavalry. For a brief moment in time the clock was turned back to the high days of cavalry; for the same moment it might have seemed to an onlooker that nothing had changed in equestrian events at Windsor since the days when the early Georges reigned at the Castle. But in point of fact the case is quite otherwise, writes Muriel Bowen in her report on page 549. More pictures overleaf by Romano Cagnoni



WINDSOR WONDERLAND Continued

1 The Duke of Beaufort greets the Queen on her arrival for the floodlit session

2 Miss Judy Nash won the St. George of England jumping competition on Trigger Hill

3 Mr. Harvey Smith on Mr. Robert Hanson's O'Malley in the St. George of England competition

4 Mrs. B. J. Crago came second in the jumping competition on Spring Fever

5 Winner of the Hack Championship, six year old grey gelding Cinderella Man, a novice. Exhibitor was Mr. Hugh Haldin, the rider, Miss Ann Davy



5



SUMMONED BY BELLS

After the interval, Edmund and Sarah Verney, children of Major and Mrs. Ralph Verney, rang antique handbells (*below*) to summon guests back to the Music Room at Claydon House, near Aylesbury, when the first of six summer concerts was given there by the Melos Ensemble, playing Mozart, Bartok and Schubert. Claydon House was built for Lord Verney by Sir Thomas Robinson, creator of the famous Ranelagh Gardens in 1742



2



1 Supper by candlelight beneath the magnificent staircase

2 Mr. & Mrs. Brian Levy, who had come from London

3 Major Ralph Verney, Mr. John Stott and Mrs. Verney

4 Mrs. Roger Norrington in the library

5 The Countess of Rosebery, herself an accomplished pianist

6 Lady Alexandra Trevor-Roper, sister of Earl Haig. She is the wife of Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper,

Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford

7 Mr. Gavin and the Hon. Mrs. Cliff Hodges

3



4



STAR TURNS AT WINDSOR

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Horse shows sprout thick as buttercups round the countryside, and even on the cinders in the suburbs. Drive 30 miles on any road today and the chances are that you will find at least one large poster saying: "Horse Show, Saturday." Last week it was the Royal Windsor Horse Show. Headed by the Queen thousands went to see it. Millions more watched on T.V. and such is the impact of horse shows today that the Socialist paper the *Daily Herald* took a page in the Royal Horse Show programme.

Royal Windsor is the star-studded major attraction of the showing world. Its situation beneath the Castle walls is dreamy, it always attracts the top riders; it is a sort of Queen Charlotte's Ball of the horse world; the place where the best new hacks and hunters make their debut.

I talked to Miss ANN DAVY, tall, lissom, dark, the uncrowned queen of the showing classes. She rode Mr. HUGH HALDIN's showy grey, Cinderella Man to win the Hack Championship. It was the third year in a row that she has won the Royal Windsor hack championship, each year on a different horse. This will take some beating in the future.

HOW IT BEGAN

Side-saddle or astride Miss Davy looks marvellous on a horse. That she ever rode though was a consequence of the war. "Weston, the school I was at, evacuated to Wales and started a Pony Club," she told me. Today there are more than 30,000 members of the Pony Club, many of them small girls with dreams of one day becoming an Ann Davy success.

For 15 years Miss Davy has ridden the hacks and hunters trained by COUNT ROBERT ORSSICH at Winkfield. Their association began by chance. She was looking after a hack for somebody who was moving house and Count Orssich saw her ride. "I think you might be of some use to me," he said. In the interval she has won almost everything, the only trophy of consequence so far to elude her being the hunter championship cup at the Royal International Horse Show.

HOME TO A DIET

Success has brought her trophies, applause, admiration—and two beautiful horses. At the end of last season Mr. Haldin gave her Marksman and Lucky Strike, on which she had won umpteen hunter and hack trophies. "The most marvellous presents I've ever had. Terribly generous, too of Mr. Haldin as both horses were so saleable." They are

now in Ireland. Irish-born Marksman has given Miss Davy some good days with the East Antrim Harriers, while the English Lucky Strike is being schooled to cope with the Co. Meath ditches by Mrs. WARING WILLIS. He is a bit green yet. But Miss Davy is convinced he will make a super hunter; he is her favourite horse. She loves to go to Ireland and has only one reservation about the place: coming home means going on a diet. "Ireland is a terrible place for eating—they all eat too much!" Apart from hunting her only hobby is a fascination for stock car racing. "Yes, doesn't it sound awful—hacks to stock car racing."

QUICK-CHANGE GROOMS

Though the Royal Windsor Show remains as immaculate as ever, never have I seen so many women grooming their own horses and then—minutes later—appearing in the ring all dressed up in their shiny top hats. "Men grooms went out years ago, and now even girls are not as attracted to grooming as they used to be," one exhibitor told me.

It was very much a women's Windsor. Mrs. JOHN BECKWITH-SMITH won the hunter championship with Robin Hood, the working hunters' award went to Miss S. CLIFFORD with Concorde and Miss JENNY BULLEN made her biggest conquest yet in big time dressage when she took the Prix St. George on Desert Storm, a horse with the grace and fire of a ballerina.

OVER THE HUMP

The latest in schools' sports is show jumping. A jumping competition confined to three riders from each school is to take place at the All England Jumping Course at Hickstead in Sussex in September. Mr. DOUGLAS BUNN, who conceived the idea of this course in a fold of the Downs, has been telling me about it. "Peter Booth, the Archdeacon of Lewes, thought of the idea so I have put him in charge of it," Mr. Bunn said. "It won't be very efficient show jumping perhaps, but I think it will give the children a lot of fun." The idea is to have obstacles no bigger than those that can be tackled by the average child rider, and there will be no individual prizes.

There was great jubilation at Hickstead the day that I was there because the Americans have decided to send their team there rather than to the German International Horse Show at Aachen in order to tune up for the Olympic Games in Tokyo. The Irish and Dutch are also coming for the Derby meeting in July when the famous Hickstead Bank, which looks as big and solid as the National Gallery, will be jumped.

MUSIC IN ARCADIA

After motoring through a multiplicity of lanes bound by small fields and high hedges I arrived at Claydon House in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 551



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

NO BRIEF FOR MERMAIDS

The Bar and the Law Society Yacht Clubs held their sailing match at the Isle of Wight. After the morning's race the crews changed craft again for the afternoon, but both races were won by the Glanville twins. Mermaid class yachts of the Seaview Yacht Club were used

1 Start of the first race. From left, *Zara* (helmsman: Mrs. Elizabeth Southan, Bar); *Sheen* (helmsman: Mr. Robert Southan, Bar); *Rosemary* (helmsman: Mr. Trevor Glanville, Law Society) which won the race

2 Mr. Eric Marshall, commodore of the Law Society Yacht Club, with Mr. Andrew Farwell and Mr. Tony Viner, sailing *Bluebell* for the Law Society

3 Mr. Granville Wingate, vice-commodore of the Bar Yacht Club, Mrs. Judy Wingate and Mr. Norman Riley sailing *Jade* for the Bar

4 Mrs. Constance Martin, Mrs. Maude Sanderson and Lt.-Col. C. C. M. Macleod-Carey, who is secretary of the Seaview Yacht Club

5 Mr. Jeremy Buckwell, rear-commodore of the Law Society Y.C. and Mr. Robert Southan, who was sailing for the Bar

6 Mrs. Jeremy Buckwell



continued from page 549

Buckinghamshire for the opening concert of a season which continues until September.

Though the county's population goes up and up Major & Mrs. RALPH VERNEY still live in remote countryside. Bucks however is changing. "Ours is the first county to offer a positive solution to the population problem of the South-East," Mr. Verney told me. "We are going to have a new city in the north of the county for 250,000. It is an exciting project and it is up to those of us who live here to see that it will be a well built and attractive city." One of the refreshing things about a visit to Bucks is the nice positive way people have of facing up to reality. Doubtless one reason is that, proportionately, it has more young people than any other county in England.

The concert consisted of a glorious performance by the ensemble in the Saloon, a room of pale blue and white with Palladium columns and polished marquetry mahogany doors. The Claydon concerts are noted for their high standards. This particular occasion, with the Trout Quintet on the programme, resulted in a considerable brain drain from Oxford. Professor HUGH & LADY ALEXANDRA TREVOR-ROPER were there, also Mr. ROBERT BLAKE, Mr. A. L. NORRINGTON, the President of Trinity, & Mrs. NORRINGTON, and many more.

DRESSING FOR ALL-ROUND EXCELLENCE

Supper in the Great Eating Room was served at dusk, which meant seeing this lovely room of vivid buttercup yellow at its best. The alcoves have gilded figures of negro servants, and it was just sufficiently dark for the candelabra—each one held on a gilded salver—to be lit.

The success of Claydon is due to the achievement of an all-round excellence. The music, the food and the house itself (it is a National Trust property) are all delightful in themselves. "People would never come out in the evening all dressed up just because they loved the setting," Mr. Verney says. "It is important that they should be jolly well fed." Mr. & Mrs. KENNETH DIBBEN, who go to many concerts given in country houses, told me they consider that Claydon has the best food. Still more at the concert: the COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY; Mr. & Mrs. TIM WHITELEY; LADY BRYANT (she and SIR ARTHUR have moved to The Pavilion at Wootton); Mrs. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD; MAJOR & Mrs. HAROLD MORTON; Mr. & Mrs. ELLIOTT VINEY, and LADY (STUART) BONHAM CARTER who told me that she had come up especially from Hampshire. "I do it every year for the opening concert. I wouldn't miss it."

FAMILY FRIENDSHIPS

With their dance for their daughters at Boveridge Park, Cranborne, the HON. Mrs. JOHN ASHLEY COOPER and Mrs. EDWARD COLVILLE set the pattern for a

series of balls at country houses which will carry on right through the summer.

That SUSAN ASHLEY COOPER and CAROLINE COLVILLE should share a ball was the result of a friendship that started way back in the family. Their grandmothers, LADY JEANE PETHERICK and Mrs. CRAFTURD ELLISON, are great friends. And what a nice long gossip they were able to have on the night of the ball! Then years ago Mrs. Ashley Cooper and Mrs. Colville became close friends. So Susan and Caroline who have done just about everything together since they were tiny tots, now go to the same Cordon Bleu cookery class (afternoons only so they can sleep in after all those late night dances) and last week shared the same dance.

VITALITY AND ELEGANCE

The dance was also to mark the coming of age of Mr. TOM COLVILLE. He unfortunately was not there owing to illness. But, somehow, I feel he got a full report not only from his sister but also from his brother DAMER who is with the 60th and off within weeks to New Zealand where he is to be A.D.C. to BRIG. SIR BERNARD FERGUSON, the Governor-General.

Boveridge Park with its lovely garden was lent for the evening by "marvellous friends" Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES COMBE. There was dancing in the ballroom and a night club outside. It rained of course. But this didn't detract in any way from the floodlighting which had been carried out so expertly by Mr. Combe and some of his friends.

The young girls looked as they always do—marvellous. Fresh faces, pretty clothes and loads of vitality. But it was the older women with their style and elegance who really shone, VISCOUNTESS CRANBORNE in a ribbon and lace white crinoline, and the HON. Mrs. MARTEN in a dress which was virtually the same shade as her raven dark hair.

NO EXCUSE FOR SATURDAYS

There is an art in retiring and the trouble is that one does not learn it until it is too late. So VISCOUNT AMORY told me when we met at a party at the Challoner Club in Pont Street which was given for the new Canadian High Commissioner and MME. CHEVRIER.

"You can no longer plead, 'the Government,' 'the board,' or 'out of town business,'" said Lord Amory. "People know that you are free on Saturday afternoons to open and shut whatever it is. Retirement has spoilt my weekend sailing!"

In my young days the Challoner Club smelt slightly musty. It was the place where elderly aunts played bridge. Since then the wind of change has been blowing hard in Pont St. This particular party was packed with young marrieds. SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Bt., the chairman, is, I hear, the person responsible for Macmillanizing the place.



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

THE BRIDE OF SUMMER

The sun shone for the wedding at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Miss Theadora Elizabeth Brinckman, only daughter of Col. Sir Roderick Brinckman, Bt., and Lady Brinckman of Mornington House, Wimbledon Common, and Mr. Gerard Francis Campbell, elder son of Mr. Robin Campbell, London, and the Hon. Mrs. Lees Mayall, British Embassy, Lisbon

- 1 The bride and bridegroom. Miss Brinckman wore a gown of white crêpe cut on Grecian lines. A tiara, lent by her mother, held her tulle veil in place
- 2 The Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson, daughter of Lady Selsdon
- 3 Mrs. Dominick Elwes oversees the activities of David and Rachel Macmillan, children of Mr. Maurice Macmillan, M.P., and cousins of the bridegroom
- 4 Mrs. Patrick Drury-Lowe—her husband is the bride's half-brother—with her daughter Lucy, one of the bridesmaids
- 5 Mr. Hugh Cecil and Viscountess Cranborne
- 6 The Hon. Jane Ormsby-Gore, a cousin of the bridegroom. She is the elder daughter of Lord Harlech, British Ambassador to America. With her is Mr. Christopher Gibbs
- 7 Miss Fiona Ford, a god-daughter of Sir Roderick Brinckman





A new antique shop has just been opened in Dunkeld, one of Scotland's tourist centres. The proprietress is Mrs. Charles Stewart, wife of the secretary to the University of Edinburgh. She has made a brave resolution—not to stock reproductions. "Everything isn't necessarily 100 years old," she told me, "some things may be only 50 or 60, but they're of good quality even if they're very cheap."

The shop is called The Tappit Hen, a name that has nothing whatever to do with poultry, though Mrs. Stewart has known even Scots to fall into this error. The tappit hen was an old pewter measure with a lid on it and she chose the name because it was one of the first antiques she ever bought. Mrs. Stewart collected antiques herself for many years and has also done some buying for other people. "The house became so full," she recalls, "you start off as a collector, then you begin to do a little buying and selling and before you know it you are in business."

ANTIQUES AND FLOWERS

Mrs. Stewart has made a special study of cameo glass and of Minton porcelain of the 19th century and owns a number of interesting examples of both these types of work. In the shop she has concentrated a good deal on copper and also on unusual flower containers in copper, brass and pottery. "People not normally interested in antiques will buy flower holders," she observes astutely. Her own interest in flower arrangements led on to her interest in unusual containers.

Besides the new shop—once a post office—the Stewarts have acquired a cottage in Dunkeld and spend their weekends there. Mrs. Stewart copes with the business, her husband enjoys the fishing. For the rest of the week, Mrs. Stewart directs the business from Edinburgh and goes on buying expeditions in and around that city, the North of England, and quite regularly down to London, "just for the day."

A BRIDE IN PERTH

Last-minute preparations for her wedding in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, were well in hand when I talked to Miss Tessa Prain, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Murray Prain, of Mugdrum, Newburgh, Fife. Miss Prain, who has been working as secretary to London interior designer David Hicks, told me that her fiancé, Mr. Vere Fane, has Scottish connections. His mother, Mrs. Bryan Gibbs, has a home in Kirkcudbrightshire but he himself has been working in the family trading business in the East for the past five years.

By the time this letter is published the young couple will be on their way to North Borneo

where they will stay until next summer. "Then we'll be coming back to London for good," Miss Prain told me. "I hope we'll do lots more travelling but I think it will be fun to have a permanent base in England."

BORNEO BY STAGES

Mr. & Mrs. Fane will spend their honeymoon getting to North Borneo by very leisurely stages. They are flying but will take a month over the journey, breaking it in various places—there will be a two-week stay in Beirut and one in Kashmir. "Vere thinks this will be a good way of getting me acclimatized to the East," Miss Prain told me. Her trousseau has posed a few problems because she doesn't know Borneo at all and has had to depend on her fiancé's guidance. Another problem has been posed by the sartorially varied nature of the honeymoon—smart clothes for the first two days in Paris, smart evening clothes for Beirut, jeans and shirts for Kashmir, and smart clothes again for Delhi, Bangkok and Hong Kong. It sounds a wonderfully glamorous start to married life.

VISIT FROM CANADA

Here recently on a six weeks visit to Scotland from their home in Montreal, with her husband and three children, was Lady Alison Stewart-Patterson, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Elgin. Though based on her parents' home at Culross, Fife, she and her Canadian husband also managed to fit in a holiday in Portugal and a brief tour around Scotland visiting friends. For the newest member of the family, a small girl aged nearly two, this was the first visit to Scotland. To the others it is already familiar territory. Lady Alison tells me they are living in a small town which is "a sort of dormitory suburb of Montreal. All the husbands go in to work every day in the city." She has found it is quite a different life from what she had known in Scotland. "For one thing it's much freer, one lives out of doors practically the whole time in the summer." This suits Lady Alison very well as she is particularly keen on gardening. "We lived in a flat in Montreal for about a year but now we have an old house and we are trying to bring the garden round," she told me.

HOME IN NEW YORK

However, there are changes ahead for the Stewart-Pattersons for, on their return, they are going to live in New York where Mr. Stewart-Patterson has been transferred by his firm, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, for two years. Lady Alison is taking it all happily in her stride and is looking forward to seeing a great deal of New York during that time. J.P.



THE SCHOOL OF PAVLOVA

PHOTOGRAPHS: MIKE DAVIS / WORDS: J. ROGER BAKER

Every country offers an individual art to the total of civilisation: Italian opera, French cooking, English acting and, of course, Russian ballet. In modern Russia, the cradle of dancing remains the century-old Kirov school in Leningrad. Even Moscow's Bolshoi school takes second place—in fact many Bolshoi dancers send their children to the Kirov for training. The school was started in 1860. It was called the Maryinski in the days when St. Petersburg was the urbane, Western-influenced cultural centre of Imperial Russia. Immediately on its inception the Maryinski took the undisputed lead in classical training and reached its heights of greatness when the Imperial Maryinski company presented *Swan Lake*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*. Great names in the dancing world have emerged from the Kirov: Spessivtseva, Karsavina, Nijinsky, Dudinskaya and more recently Ulanova and Nureyev. Diaghilev played an active part in shaping training techniques there until a clash of ideas with the authorities forced his exile. And in the school's private theatre, Michael Fokine staged his earliest ballets, one of which he called *The Dying Swan* and choreo-

graphed for fellow student Pavlova. Modern Russia is still acutely ballet conscious. There are more than 30 professional companies and hundreds of amateur groups, but with a population of well over 200 million only the cream of young dancing talent ever reaches the Kirov. The school is co-educational and provides a good general education. One of the first jobs is to teach Russian to the newcomers because the U.S.S.R. embraces 300 different languages—not just dialects. The school's atmosphere quickly permeates the children—every desk and corridor has some potent association—and helps to induce a powerful dedication to ballet as a career. There is political sanction too: Mr. Krushchev's second son is a director of the Kirov company.

Later this year the Kirov Ballet plans a tour of the U.S.A. and of this country in 1965, showing to the West the new élite in Russian dancing. Most of the star artists have won top Soviet honours for outstanding performances. Students from many parts of the world train at the Kirov and the director has expressed eagerness to accept boys and girls from England too.





Top row, from left: the dedication of experienced dancers is revealed in the faces of the young pupils. A class for boys is taken by Pushkin, one of the top teachers. He speaks barely above a whisper, keeps rigid discipline. It is never forgotten that the young dancers are in fact schoolchildren, and 12-year-old Olga Schadina comperes a school concert dressed in the traditional school uniform

Right: Senior students during a break. The portrait is of Michael Fokine who practised in the same room when a student there himself. The girls wear leotards, an innovation brought about by the Royal Ballet's visit to Leningrad, and contrasting with the school's more usual practise gear, seen in the lower picture

Far left: Folk and national dancing feature prominently at school performances. In the lower picture, Olga Jordan, top woman teacher in the Soviet Union, with senior pupils

Left: Preparing to bestride the great stages of the world—18-year-old Ludmilla Savetlieva. She has also just completed playing the role of Natasha in an epic film version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*



I have only spent one day in Monaco and on that day I was arrested. Life is indeed unfair. Not only was I innocent of any crime; I was (and still am) a great admirer of the Principality and its people. Yet I found myself a prisoner in its police station, something which hasn't happened even to Lady Docker.

I went to Monaco with a friend called Jasper, with whom I was staying at a villa near Cannes. After luncheon Jasper left me to sightsee, while he had his hair cut. He was to pick me up outside the Palace and we were to go to the Jardins Exotiques. He arrived punctually and with a light heart I got into the car. And then Jasper told me that he was in trouble with the police. Only now did I notice that he had acquired a motorcycle escort and a pilot car full of plainclothes men. "I feel like Prince Rainier" he said. I was not amused, though we must have looked quite grand as our procession sped towards the police station, the motorcycle roaring impressively. The police, Jasper told me, had whistled and he had failed to stop. Worse, he had swerved at one of them, almost knocking him over.

The prospect of the Jardins Exotiques faded. I felt very annoyed. It was all Jasper's fault; he could jolly well get out of it by himself; I would meanwhile amuse myself in the town. But when we arrived at the police station and I made to go, the plainclothes men told me that I, too, was under arrest.

We were taken into a very clean and smart room off which were two luxuriously furnished cells. Jasper, whose French is worse than mine, pretended that he could not understand a word. So I had to do all the talking. The plainclothes men and the motorcycle policeman, who had been joined by a sergeant and other colleagues, shouted at us. They were very, very angry. "*Ce n'était pas gentleman*" they said. No doubt they knew what was, or was not, gentlemanly behaviour; so I agreed with them. "*Certainement ce n'était pas gentleman*" I said. "But then, you see, my friend is not a gentleman."

The police were not satisfied. The English, they said, were a law abiding people. They respected their own police. But it was clear that Jasper had no respect for the police of Monaco. They had whistled and he hadn't stopped. Even the Prince himself would stop if they whistled at him. "But in England" I said, "the police don't whistle." To this, the sergeant replied that

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO... MARK BENCE-JONES

I was quite wrong. He was a great friend of the English police and he knew perfectly well that they *did* whistle. To prove it, he produced from his pocket an English police whistle that had been presented to him by the English police as a token of esteem.

It was clear the police felt that Jasper was the sort of person who behaves extra badly in Monaco. So I had to convince them that he behaved just as badly elsewhere. "You should see the way he treats the English police" I said. "He's always getting into trouble. He's what we call—" I tried desperately to translate— "*Un porc de la route*." That sounded wrong. "*Un cochon de la route*." No. "*Un sanglier de la route*." By now the police were smiling and I contratulated myself that we were winning through.

And then they asked to see our papers. We had none; our passports and the car's carnet were at the villa. The police said that, for all they knew, we had stolen the car. We might be dangerous criminals. I remonstrated with them. My friend, I said, was no criminal. He might be a bit of a rough diamond, but he was quite a decent fellow really. But the police remained obdurate. We would have to spend the night here unless somebody came over with our papers. As we had the car, this

was hardly possible; so it seemed as if we would have to spend the night here. I felt quite happy at the prospect. The cells looked most comfortable and it would give me a second day in Monaco. I might still have a chance of seeing the Jardins Exotiques.

I was taken in to see the Directeur. So unused was I to the idea of being a prisoner that I seated myself comfortably opposite him, as though for a friendly chat. "Do you always sit before you're told to?" snapped the Directeur. I sprang to my feet, feeling that this was a bad start. The Directeur then said I didn't look well. I protested that I'd never felt better, thanks no doubt to the salubrious air of this delightful Principality. But he was now asking me what I had for luncheon and I realised that he was suggesting I was drunk. I was able to swear to the moderation of our meal, having myself been host. "We had one bottle of Côtes de Provence between us" I said. "And after that, perhaps *un cognac*?" asked the Directeur, in exactly the tone of voice in which the waiter had asked the same question three hours earlier.

"*Non!*" I said, as firmly as I had said it before. I just stopped myself from adding "*merci*."

I was made to wait in the passage for an hour. Then I was taken out to the car, which the police proceeded to search. They found a parking ticket from St. James's Square and asked me what it was. I said it was yet another instance of Jasper's shocking disrespect for the English police. They opened the boot and the cover came off in their hands, for the hinge was broken. I was taken inside again.

After another wait, the sergeant came with the news that we were to be released. They had, apparently, telephoned Jasper's wife who had told them that we were expected back for dinner and that there was a soufflé. In those circumstances, the sergeant said, there was nothing for it but to let us go.

As we drove away, I felt an even greater admiration for Monaco. What other police would set prisoners free because there was a soufflé waiting for them? It was most civilized. And then I remembered the Jardins Exotiques and those luxurious cells. Having kept us till now, they might have been more hospitable and kept us till tomorrow morning. But when we reached the villa I thought otherwise and was grateful for the wisdom of the Monaco police; for the soufflé was quite excellent.

BOOMING BOUTIQUES



They are springing up all over London, the little boutiques with the big reputations, selling their own exclusive merchandise. Why the boom? The reason probably lies in the affection that most of us hold for the small shop where the atmosphere is friendly, the goods imaginative and reasonably priced and where personal attention is a guarantee. A good many of the new boutiques are one-woman businesses, writes Philip Townsend, who photographed seven of the leading pace-setters in the London area

Mrs. Mary Tyfield opened The Owl and the Pussy Cat in Flask Walk, Hampstead, just on three months ago in partnership with Mrs. Betty Mitchell and Mr. Montague Cohen as a children's boutique. The shop sells the work of more than 50 Hampstead artists, designers, illustrators and writers, and specialises in soft toys, mobiles, rag dolls and, appropriately, toy owls. Though the intended age group of the clientele ranges from 12 months to 10 years, the partners claim there is plenty in their boutique to delight the young in heart of all ages



BOOMING BOUTIQUES



Miss Rosamond Scott (*far left*) who took over Three Seasons at 13, South Molton Street, W.1., just on three months ago, is already gaining a reputation for her coats and suits, all of which are designed by ex-Royal College designer Nigel Bamfroth and made in her own workrooms. Miss Scott, who also has a boutique at Wickham, Hampshire, named her shop Three Seasons because she feels that winter is not really a season at all but a time to wait for spring. She stocks very small sizes, aims for a 20 to 40 age group, prices are from 15 to 30 guineas

Mrs. Ann Williams (*left*) runs Panache at 20, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3., the shop she started three years ago with her husband on their return from tea planting in India. Since then the business has expanded considerably and the basement in which the shop is situated overflows with work in hand. Panache specializes in dressing the over-30s and Mrs. Williams and her assistants can design and make a dress in 48 hours. Mrs. Williams runs the business side and will deliver anywhere within reasonable distance of London

Miss Wendy Lewis (*above*) a model herself, opened Harriet at 8, Gregory Place, W.8., just over a year ago to cater for the needs of other model girls. She designs all the clothes herself, aiming at the 20 to 30 age group, and never makes more than a few of each design. "I am always careful to find out who my clients' friends are, so that they do not turn up at the same party in the same dress." Prices are between 8 and 20 guineas. Her future plans include the opening of another boutique—this one at the André Bernard Salon—next month



BOOMING BOUTIQUES



Lady Norman (*opposite page top*) who opened the Joanna Norman boutique at 13, Walton Street, S.W.3., just over a year ago, has since travelled all over Europe buying for it. Later this year she plans a buying trip to America with a view to establishing her shop as one of the few in England to sell American fashions. Clothes at Lady Norman's boutique appeal mainly to the under-30s and especially to debutantes. She sells jewellery and handbags too

Mrs. Rosemary Kirsten (*opposite page bottom*) runs the Victoria & Albert at 28, Victoria Grove, W.8., which combines a man's and a woman's boutique under the same roof. Mrs. Kirsten, a former model and actress, runs the woman's shop, her husband the man's. The women's clothes are partly from well-known manufacturers and partly created by young designers of imagination and flair; price range is from 5 to 23 guineas. The man's shop specializes in shirts and ties (designed for the Victoria & Albert) and cuff-links

Mrs. Joan Buzas (*left*) runs Cassetta at 8, Henrietta Place, W.1. She sells dresses, suits, woollens, swimwear, jewellery and leather goods imported from nearly every European country. Cassetta, opened five years ago, has recently made a considerable expansion with an even wider range of overseas fashions. The shop was designed by Mrs. Buzas' architect husband. Bags and stationery used at Cassetta were designed by her art student daughter

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

Picnics at Glyndebourne . . . punts on the Isis . . . dancing in the soft night air . . . strolling on cool lawns . . . festivals and festivities . . . these are some of the threads that weave the fabric of an English summer. Unity Barnes looked for dresses to charm, beguile and enthrall their mid-summer-night beholders. Barry Lategan took the photographs at Osterley Park, Middlesex, where the classic perfection of Robert Adam's house is surrounded by rustic gardens, lawns, lakes, temples and orangeries

Right: reflected in a gilt pier glass in the Gallery, against the background of a superb 18th-century Beauvais tapestry, is a daffodil yellow silk faille evening dress, bell skirted; worn over the chemise bodice is a little summer sweater in crocheted silk ribbon. Both from the Christian Dior Boutique

Far right: beneath the soaring colonnade at the entrance, an ankle length dress in citrus green silk scattered with amber and cyclamen flowers, with a high drawstring waist. By Ascher Boutique, £19 12s. 8d. at Chic of Hampstead; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Maxwell Croft, Bath

All hairstyles by Allan at Vidal Sassoon





MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

Right: the detailed precision of the marble floor in the hall is echoed in a dress of turquoise-printed silk jersey, formally patterned. By Hardy Amies Ready-to-Wear, 31 gns. at Hardy Amies Boutique, 14 Savile Row; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow; John Smith, Chester.

Centre right: shadowed by an Ionic column, a fuchsia and moss green printed silk dress, side-buttoning above a wrapped skirt, the bodice slit to the waist at the back. Made to order at the John Cavanagh Boutique, 27 Curzon Street. Cyclamen shantung shoes (dyed any colour) £2 19s. 11d. at Lilley & Skinner, Brompton Rd.

Far right: diaphanous blouse in rose and green printed Bri-nylon organza, deep ruffles at the neck and cuffs, worn with a skirt in rose pink rayon hopsack. By London Town, 11 gns. at Harvey Nichols Little Shop; Green-smith Downes, Edinburgh. Pink pendant earrings 4 gns. from Presents of Sloane Street





MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

Right: a dress of three moods: first, an unadorned bodice on a finely pleated skirt in rose pink crêpe (admirably crush-resistant for theatre-going); second, a pleated battle-blouse which fastens up to a demure little collar; third, a dressed-up addition — an overblouse diagonally beaded in black and crystal. All at Anne Gerard, 27, Bruton Street; Florence Wood, Leeds; McDonalds, Glasgow

Far right: pink and white checked cotton voile dress, its shallow Empire bodice underlined by white satin ribbon tied into a bow. 7½ gns. at Wallis Shops





MIDSUMMER NIGHTS

Right: *dressed for less formal summer nights in a short dress of petal-pink wild silk, the bodice bow-tied across a shimmer of crystal embroidery. By Gina Couture, 28 gns. at Fenwick; Hilda Hanson, Nottingham*

Far right: *a line-for-line copy of a billowing dress by Galitzine, in gossamer fine silk from Duca d'Oria, palely printed in sweet-pea colours. At Debenham & Freebody. Pink crystal straw shoes, 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan*





climbing THE WALLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TESSA GRIMHAM

It's not only paper these days that bridges that gap between ceiling and floor, writes ANGELA INCE. The stuff that's climbing the walls is likely to be almost anything that will take paste without shrinking or discolouring. Wall coverings now available range from woven grass to chintz, from heavyweight hessian to silky suede. The advantages are many, the look is fabulous, the feel is two-dimensional and the hanging life is long. It has to be, since one disadvantage of wall coverings is that they are likely to be more expensive than the majority of papers. Another is that hanging them is an expert job—not a do-it-yourself business, unless yourself is more practised than most at doing it. But the snags are not likely to hold anybody up for long to judge by the steadily building bulk of sales and the number of people who have already begun to put up the new coverings in their homes. A reasoned look at some of the fabrics is given below, starting with:

GRASS: Over the last few years woven grass papers have slunk in from the jungle. They can look as tough as woven liana, as domestic as an English lawn. Mostly paper-backed, they are easier than some to hang, but still need care and special paste. Sander-son's of Berners Street have expanded their range of grass papers this year; imported from Japan, they cost from approximately 60s. to 124s. a roll (8 yards long, 36 inches wide). One of the sturdiest is a straw-coloured woven basket-weave (approximately 120s. a piece). Another looks like green-brown woven grass, is actually woven paper, backed by plain black, costs approximately 120s. a piece.

CHINTZ: A small room turns into a prettily lined box when its walls are lined with the same fabric that makes the curtains. Some of the best for this purpose are the intricately patterned Provençal prints in terracottas or blues and greens, available from Elizabeth Eaton at from 25s. upwards, 36 inches wide. The fabric Mrs. King, of Elizabeth Eaton, has hung on her own spare room walls is a copy of an old print, costs 75s. a yard, 48 inches wide. The Home Decorating Hire Service, Walton Street, have a new range of exclusive Toiles de Jouy fabrics from France—all of them with matching paper for taking the easier way out—the papers are 11 yards by 21 inches a piece, and cost around 30s.





Above and top: materials hung in two rooms of Mr. & Mrs. Philip Briant's house, designed by David Hicks. In the conservatory room deep-green, pinch-pleated heavy linen curtains extend to cover the walls. Carpet is glowing yellow. One wall of a small bedroom is taken up by a fourposter hung with a Provençal print in terracotta colours. Bed ceiling is lined and rosetted in pale fawn to match the window curtains. *Left:* chintz walls in red, yellow and off-white. Deep red bedcover matches lining of the curtains which swing open and shut on brass rods. By Elizabeth Eaton

Some experts boldly stick fabrics straight on the wall as though they were papers, but you need a lot of nerve and knowledge to do this, since they may shrink or discolour, and once they're up, they're up. It's safer to have them battened to the wall by an expert; this way you get a soft padded look, and the whole thing can be taken down periodically for cleaning (for week to week care, a vacuum cleaner is the thing).

LAMINATED CHINTZ: good idea for bathrooms is to get a piece of the chintz you are using for curtains laminated so that it can be used as a hard surround for the basin and bath. The Home Decorating Hire Service, Walton Street, do this, at a charge of £15 a sheet 8 feet by 4 plus the cost of the material. They do a test piece first, to check against any colour change.

HESSIAN: Sanderson's Canotex is an established pop; it looks like sacking, though it comes in prettier colours than sacks, and hangs like paper. 9s. 6d. a yard, 36 inches wide. Joining it now is Canolin, a heavy linen which should be hung over a lining paper. Also 36 inches wide, it costs 7s. a yard in oatmeal, 9s. 9d. a yard in 12 clear colours. For both these coverings Sanderson's have a pamphlet with hanging instructions. Jon Bannenberg imports from Japan one of the prettiest hessians of all—pink and white large-squared gingham. It costs £14 10s. a piece, 10 metres by 1 yard.

SUEDE: Elizabeth Eaton Wholesale import from America Woolsuede, which is lush and paper-backed, is available in out-of-the-way colours like strong Siamese pink and a subtle olive green. 90s. a yard, 27 inches wide. Though not washable, it is said not to mark or stain. Stick-on suede note: Con-tact do a sueded self-adhesive paper in red or green at 6s. 9d. a yard, 18 inches wide, which is useful for lining the back of a display cupboard or sticking under ornaments that stand on scratchable surfaces. At Home Decorating Hire Service, Walton Street.

Right: laminated chintz—same material as the curtains is laminated to make a tough, waterproof surround for bath and basin. This one, a pink and dark green floral design, is in the home of Miss Fortescue of the Home Decorating Hire Service
Above right: hessian—wallcovering in biggest and best pink and white gingham squares. This is Japanese and hangs in the hall of Jon Bannenberg's flat. The painting—a Bannenberg original—masks a cupboard



on plays

Pat Wallace / Extra-mural exam

First of all, **I Love You, Mrs Patterson** at the St. Martin's Theatre, is an amusing and intelligent play on which Mr. John Bowen is to be congratulated. It is natural enough in the first few scenes to equate this story of a schoolmaster's wife and her schoolboy lover with *Young Woodley* or *Tea & Sympathy* but it is not too long before it begins to prove its own validity and an individual character of freshness, humour and incisiveness which belongs to Mr. John Bowen's work and no other playwright's.

For one thing, the torments of the other two plays are not reproduced here and, though there is most certainly a problem under discussion, that argument is not conducted in an atmosphere of tacit menace. One of the comments on the present play, as a matter of fact, is bound to be that it reflects the change, apparent in the last 20 or 30 years, in the relationship—the everyday, academic relationship—between boys and masters. Mr. Patterson is one of the senior but by no means one of the oldest masters at a West Country school. He and his wife, who comes from London, have been married for some years and it is evident almost at once that his wide tolerance and his compulsive withdrawal from interference are mistaken by her for indifference. He is on good terms with his pupils and sets the key for their frequent and informal evening debates by offering them, in a most un-Squeerslike way, wine or cider to avert any stiffness of exchange. He is not only rather attractive but rather a dear. He is also quite clearly driving his wife round the bend.

Mrs. Patterson, brilliantly played by Miss Wendy Craig in the best performance of her career so far, starts an affair, in what appears to be desperation, with one of the 17-year-old boys: a situation which gives them both a certain amount of pleasure and the boy, Peter, a cheerful form of complacency. As he says at one point: "In our once-a-week way, it's much more like being married." The husband shows no jealousy and, even after the discovery of the liaison, refuses to make a scene. In his view, the whole thing must be treated in an adult, even a philosophic way, which pro-

vokes his wife to remark bitterly that he is actually giving her *carte blanche*. As the playwright makes clear, Mr. Patterson is on the contrary under tremendous strain.

The affair becomes known also to the headmaster and to the boy's father. There are confrontations and solemn scenes but scarcely one old-fashioned recrimination. Mrs. Patterson's own acid comment to her boy-lover and her husband engaged in a more or less civilized conversation is: "Shouldn't you be seen sharing a joke at the window?" She is all for an emotional showdown in which the older man should recognise her need for a more demonstrative love. He is equally determined that it should be her

heart which decides on a solution. The final outcome has a fine inevitability without being in the least banal or automatic. After an immensely well written scene with his father who is fumbling to find the difficult words that will fit an outrageous situation, Peter accepts the fact that his school exams are close upon him and that he must change the focus of his concentration. "You shouldn't test people," he says to his lady love and that, of course is the key to the thought and action of the whole play.

In a play of this kind one of the issues, indeed one of the difficulties, must be to reconcile extreme naturalism of dialogue with a high level of articulateness. All these characters, young or middle-aged, are highly intelligent people and they talk as such. Yet Mr. Bowen has been perfectly successful in avoiding rhetoric or the set speech. The interchanges seem real, prompted

by feeling or by reason but not by obvious dramatic exigency. It can be argued that Peter is too easily disillusioned or wise beyond his years in his final reaction to the wife's behaviour. As far as I was concerned, what emerged was a perfectly normal phenomenon of a boy suddenly settling for being exactly his 17-year-old self, responsive to a father and to the order and customs of school life. Mr. Jeremy Bulloch handled this development as well as his rather matter-of-fact schoolboy attitude to infatuation admirably. Mr. Michael Craig (no relation to Miss Craig) should have a special word of praise for his playing of the husband, by far the most difficult role in the play, and someone (possibly Mr. Bowen again) should start on a fresh play for Wendy Craig to follow on what I hope will be the long run of this one, so as to keep her perpetually before an appreciative audience.



Schoolboy-lover Jeremy Bulloch with master's wife Wendy Craig, in *I Love You, Mrs. Patterson*

on films

Elsbeth Grant / Sugary cat story

There has often been a streak of sentimentality in Mr. Walt Disney's family-and-animal films but usually it's been compensated for by a touch of astringent honesty, appreciated by adults though not by children. Goodness, how the little ones took on when the canine hero of *Old Yaller* caught rabies and had to be shot—but at least Mr. Disney was playing fair with them, as with all parents who have ever had to break the sad news to their offspring that a beloved pet must necessarily be destroyed.

He doesn't seem to me to play fair with anyone in *The Three Lives of Thomasina*—not even with Mr. Paul Gallico on whose book *Thomasina*, the film is based. I'll allow that Mr. Gallico can sometimes be a mite sugary but I can't believe he could be guilty of quite such a sickly and pernicious piece of sentimentality as Mr. Disney gives us here. The screenplay by Mr. Robert Westerby suggests he neither understands nor cares for cats. What happens to the feline heroine shouldn't happen to a dog.

Thomasina, a pretty solid marmalade cat, belongs to little Miss Karen Dotrice, a

tight-lipped Edwardian brat who dresses her in dolls' clothes, pushes her around in a pram and makes her sit up at table wearing a bib (and, I may say, a justifiably baleful expression). I blame the child's father, Mr. Patrick McGoochan, for allowing this cruelty. As a widower he's inclined to spoil his wee daughter, but as a veterinary surgeon he should have taught her that is no way to treat a self-respecting cat.

He gets his deserts when Thomasina contracts tetanus and he has to put her out of her misery with a lethal injection. Miss Dotrice vows she will never speak to him again. She and her little friends take Thomasina into the woods to give her a grand funeral but in the middle of the ceremony are scared away by Miss Susan Hampshire, an alleged witch who lives there alone with an assortment of wild animals she has tamed.

Miss Hampshire finds Thomasina is still breathing (what an inefficient vet Mr. McGoochan must be) so she bears her off to her cottage to restore her to health by giving her "love and security"—which are fine things in themselves but not,

as far as I know, the cure for tetanus. While Thomasina is hovering between life and death her astral body explores some kind of Egyptian paradise for cats, and thereafter throughout the film she can be heard musing—maybe I mean mewling—on her experiences and emotions. (As if any cat would ever condescend to reveal her inmost feelings to humans!)

Mr. McGoochan, who has apparently never heard how salutary a spanking can be, is terribly upset because his darling daughter obstinately and rudely turns her back on him—and when she goes into a decline and develops pneumonia he gets into such a tizzy that he fetches Miss Hampshire to see what she can do in the matter. As "the witch" stands at the child's bedside, babbling of "love and security" all over again, Thomasina suddenly begins to hanker after her little mistress (she must be out of her feline mind, of course) and dashes through the pouring rain to miaow piteously at Miss Dotrice's bedroom window.

Mr. McGoochan lets her in and plonks her on the bed, and Miss Dotrice instantly recovers. "There is," said my neighbour acidly, "obviously nothing so good for pneumonia as a dripping-wet cat and the window wide open." Then Mr.

McGoohan marries Miss Hampshire and everybody lives happily ever after—except, I should think, Thomasina, who sits through the wedding-breakfast looking as sick as a cat in her bridesmaid's finery.

The film would be quite nauseating but for the presence of three sturdy small boys—Masters Vincent Winter, Denis Gilmore and six-year-old Matthew Garber—whose kindness to animals is genuine and practical and whose manners are impeccable. I could have done with more of them and less of the horrid little girl.

Mr. Ken Russell, a new recruit to films from television, tells me his favourite film of all time is *Jules et Jim*. That this has influenced his style as a director to some extent is fairly obvious from *French Dressing*, but somehow his enthusiasm for the *nouvelle vague* seems to be mixed up with childhood memories of the old Keystone comedies, and though the film has its joyous and amusing moments it doesn't quite jell. Still, all praise to Mr. Kenneth Harper, the producer, for giving a promising talent a chance.

The seaside resort of Gormleigh-on-Sea is as dead as cold mutton until Mr. James Booth, the local deckchair attendant, is inspired to import a French film star, Miss Marisa Mell, a sex symbol modelled, rather generously, on the lines of Mlle. Brigitte Bardot. Miss Mell wows the Mayor and Corporation, the press and the television boys (Mr. Robert Robinson gives a splendid performance as himself in the role of an imperturbably and indestructible interviewer), and crowds flock to rainwashed Gormleigh to feast their eyes on the lightly clad lady from over the water.

Mr. Russell makes great play with old-fashioned camera tricks—especially those speeded up shots in which everybody whizzes about like mad—and treats us to the nostalgic spectacle of a score of middle-aged gents in toppers and striped bathing suits. Mr. Roy Kinnear, as Mr. Booth's chief ally, is cosily comic (which is more than can be said for Mr. Booth, who looks more like a corsair than a comedian) and Miss Alita Naughton, whom I hadn't seen before, has an innocent charm and a childish habit of wrinkling her nose that I found most endearing.

The film, I understand, was shot at Herne Bay, a town that looks blissfully peaceful, with its handsome esplanade and incredibly long pier.



Gerald Moore, the man who raised accompanying to a fine art, with Spanish soprano Victoria de los Angeles. They will give three recitals at the Bath Festival which begins tomorrow

on books

Oliver Warner / When the switch clicks

"With most of the mechanically scored tests handed out year by year, the child who gives an original answer, or hits on an alternative solution which the psychologist has missed (by no means a rare occurrence), is automatically marked wrong." This observation by Sir Cyril Burt occurs in his foreword to Arthur Koestler's *The Act of Creation* (Hutchinson 42s.). Parents of gifted children will know it to be true, and it is one of the many instances of how creative activities may be lost upon those who, however clever, lack singularity of mind, or work to set rules. Mr. Koestler's long study, full of by-ways of scientific and humane discussion, is divided into two books, the first designed for the general reader, the second more technical. It would be stupid to pretend that it is other than a stiff book, but the author's analysis of what he calls "bisociative" thinking, a term he invented to distinguish the various routines of "associative" thinking from the creative leap which results

in, say, *The Origin of Species* or *Othello*, is the harvest of reflection over many years.

It is not often that an original novelist goes so deeply into the creative process. Here is a work of size, thoroughly documented, which will be respected in many spheres beyond that of letters. I was particularly struck with the author's views on the subject of art forgeries, which answer all the more obvious questions, and by his range of illustration.

I find most accounts of Edward VII and his age as surfeiting as the pageant of rich food which got the royal portly his nickname, "Tum-Tum": Max Beerbohm, with his malicious period cartoons, did it the justice it merits. It is this age and richness which is purveyed in *The Duchess of Jermyn Street*, by Daphne Fielding (Eyre & Spottiswoode 25s.) accurately described by its sub-title: "The Life and Good Times of Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel." It is hard to see how the career of an Edwardian eccentric could be

better done. There is sympathy, personal and inside knowledge, and a very good story, for the way in which Rosa made her way to the top (and it really was from the bottom) argues intelligence, zest, ambition, personality, and, not least, warmth of heart. She deteriorated and she was always a philistine and a snob, in this reflecting her times, which really ended as long ago as the twenties, though she herself survived for decades. This is the raw material of an early Evelyn Waugh comedy, not in the least edifying but, until the last few chapters, engrossing.

Miss Storm Jameson is one of those practised novelists who can be counted on not merely for a good story, but for firm construction, and for characters worth attention. *The Aristide Case* (Macmillan 21s.) is in point. The background is the South of France, and one can feel the impact both of the sun and of the icy winds of spring. Her purpose is to show the inner workings of a family which is not legally a family at all: the Greek, long Gallicized, who has made a success of his little hotel; the son, who is not his son, who denudes him of his fortune; the wife, who is not his wife, to whom he is attached

by bonds, not omitting those of years, stronger than anything on paper; the expatriate Englishman, with his Arab servant, working for years on a book which he destroys. Everything seems to crumble, and yet the total impression is not, oddly enough, depressing. I think the reason is that all the characters have just that degree of courage which redeems them.

Overstuffed with Shakespeare as one is bound to be this year, there will be some asides well worth seeking out. High among them I would put Johanne M. Stochholm's *Garriek's Folly* (Methuen 21s.) which is an examination of the Jubilee of 1769 at Stratford and Drury Lane, a landmark in the history of what might be called Shakespeare as an Industry. It is scholarly without being boring, and the pictures are just what is wanted.

Pure fun and games: *Wisden*, 1964, that cricketer's compendium, is out in its yellow cover (Sporting Handbooks 22s. 6d.): and, for the nostalgics, steam sizzles into the play-room with *Tilly the Traction Engine* by A. L. Frost (Methuen 10s. 6d.), Phyllis Ladyman's colour-work showing how they used to thresh the corn.

on records

Spike Hughes / Some re-awakenings

I don't know whether it has anything to do with Rossini's having married a Spanish prima donna as his first wife, but for the second time in 40 years the outstanding singer of his great mezzo-soprano coloratura roles is a Spaniard. The Rossini revival of the '20s and '30s was dominated by Conchita Supervia, who died when she was only 36. It was she and Vittorio Gui (with later encouragement shouted by Beecham from the Covent Garden sidelines) who restored *Cenerentola* and *L'Italiana in Algeri* to the repertoire so that today performances of these two delicious comedies are a regular occurrence, even though some of these performances are pretty routine affairs. Routine, that is, until we hear Teresa Berganza as *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Decca—three records, mono and stereo) when after an interval of a generation we are back in the class of Supervia once again.

Miss Berganza gives a ravishing display: her charm comes over clearly and unmistakably, her coloratura is sparkling and

there is a wonderful sense of fun and good Rossinian mockery about her which has infected the whole performance and made it one of the most satisfying and entertaining opera recordings I have heard for a long time.

Life as a music critic on a daily newspaper used to have its points, I found; one heard a lot of expensive music, like Toscanini and Kreisler and Gigli at Covent Garden, for nothing. On the other hand, there seemed no way of being able to buy oneself out of listening to music one didn't want to hear. One of the great joys of what one might call subsequent civilian musical life is being able to pick and choose and give a composer a rest from time to time. Having (though quite unintentionally) "rested" Beethoven's chamber music for some time, the sudden issue of a batch of recordings of the string quartets, the violin and piano sonatas during the past few months has come as a fresh and stimulating reminder that some of the most hackneyed things the com-

poser wrote are popular because they're good.

This struck me forcibly when, for the first time for years, I heard three of Beethoven's piano sonatas, played by Rudolf Serkin on a CBS record (mono and stereo), called by the delightfully Victorian title of *Three Favourite Sonatas*. These proved to be the *Moonlight*, the *Pathétique*, and the *Appassionata*—three pops if ever there were any—and it was surprising what a lot of good *not* hearing it for so long could do to the first movement of the *Moonlight Sonata*, for instance, which after all this time I can hear again as the astonishing essay in modulation they told me it was when I was a child. Serkin plays all three sonatas with great authority and dramatic power.

About eight years ago Heifetz recorded all 10 Beethoven violin sonatas in five volumes for HMV; they are now being re-issued, one volume at a time, by RCA-Victor (mono only). The two latest issues are of *Sonatas Nos. 5 and 6* (Volume 3) and *Sonatas Nos. 7 and 8* (Volume 4), and are a superb demonstration of how to play the violin and, from time to time, on the same grand scale, how not to play Beethoven. Heifetz's only real weakness is

playing the slow movements too fast, but he does it so magnificently that the young violinist can learn almost as much from the bad, as from the good, examples set by this incomparable violinist. The sheer technical perfection of Heifetz's fiddling is still a fascinating and unique phenomenon.

It was Heifetz, I believe, who once said that one Russian was an anarchist, two Russians were a game of chess, three Russians were a revolution and four Russians the Budapest String Quartet. When the Budapest Quartet was founded in 1917 its members were all Hungarian; then one Russian replaced a Hungarian, then another, until in 1936 it became the all-Russian group it is today. The Budapest Quartet are now recording the complete Beethoven quartets for the third time in their career, on this occasion for the first time in stereo as well as mono form. On three CBS records the Quartet has now reached *The Middle Quartets*—the three *Rasoumovsky* works (Op. 59), the *Harp* and *Serioso* quartets—which it plays with the uncanny four-hearts-that-beat-as-one ensemble that has been built up over nearly 30 years. This is the way string quartets *should* sound.

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Coty

COTY GIVES BEAUTY AN EXQUISITE NEW MEANING

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Which side of the angels?

It was my intention this year to lean over backwards to be kind to the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition for, whatever Academy officials may think, critics do not enjoy "panning" the show year after year. I had planned to write a review in which I ignored all the hack work, all the portraits painted solely for money, the debased Impressionist landscapes, the joke pictures, the coloured photographs, and the work of John Bratby, and concentrate on the better things. Unfortunately the President of the Academy, Sir Charles Wheeler, made it impossible for me to act on this generous impulse.

It was that "doodling of idiots" speech he made at the annual dinner at Burlington House that did it. But it was not that part in which he rightly likened some contemporary works to "the inconsequential scribbles and splashes of fractious children," nor the passage in which (in the presence of art dealers at the dinner for the first time) he said art-dealing is too often a racket, that got me. No, what made me bristle was the way in which he subtly implied that he and the Academy were on the side of the angels or, to be more exact, on the side of Michelangelo.

Perhaps it is the Academy's possession of the only sizeable piece of sculpture by Michelangelo in this country that prompts this holier-than-thou attitude and invocation of the immortal master's shade. Or does the spirit of Michelangelo really inhabit Burlington House? If so it is confined to the basement where the excellent Royal Academy Schools are located. There are no obvious signs of it upstairs in the Summer Exhibition, least of all in the sculpture room where Sir Charles's marble bust of the Queen has the place of honour, a bust that is as remote from the art of Michelangelo as my writing is from Shakespeare's.

"It is to my mind wise and right when we are memorializing world-movers and world-

shakers," said Sir Charles, after referring to the quatercentenaries of Shakespeare's birth and Michelangelo's death, "to measure our height against their stature."

This is, of course, an admirable and chastening idea.

But (if he was reported accurately in the press) when Sir Charles said "our" he did not, apparently, mean "our" (i.e. the Academy's) height, but "your" (i.e. the enemy's in the Tate Gallery, the Whitechapel Art Gallery and the Bond Street galleries) height. Many of us who write about art (and who, incidentally, are lumped in with the enemy by Sir Charles) agree wholeheartedly with him that there is much that passes for art today that is not art at all. We believe, however, that it is to be found inside as well as outside the Academy. We believe, too, that it is Sir Charles's job to concern himself first with the rot inside. When he or any of his successors do that they will not find us lacking in support.

Unfortunately the Academy as an institution has for too long been impregnated with self-righteousness. (There is a strange paradox here, because individually the present officers, at any rate, are surprisingly modest men). As a result it has lost all critical faculty. In its place there is a touching but misplaced sentimentality about the work of those of its ageing members who are still painting in the styles they had 40 years ago, and a deep-rooted prejudice against anything new *because it is new*.

While the great mass of today's new art is unlikely to have a place in the history of art, it is certain that nothing painted today that could have been painted 40 or 400 years ago will have one. A true work of art is a product of a particular time and as time cannot stand still neither can art. Only when the Academy shows by example in its Summer exhibitions that it understands this will more of the truly contemporary artists want to show their work at Burlington House.

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FLOWER GIRL



HARRY LATICAN

The flowers that are blooming everywhere this summer need a prim and proper flower face to match. Hair must escape in ivy tendrils, lips adopt a horticulturist's hue of pale petunia pink, and the skin rival a prize magnolia. Elizabeth Arden's Fragile face has all the tender flower tints. Three pale eyeshadows make the face—green is the colour of a new spring leaf, beige is a tea rose, ivory is creamy freesia and pink is a pale petunia. The green, ivory and beige fade to mere hints on the skin. So does the pink which until now has been strictly a lip shade. It looks extra good smoothed above the eye socket to make a glow just under the eyebrows. Try the green over the lid to copy a flower. Co-operative flattery is a pink lipstick with a shimmer like a flower petal. Try a terracotta brown eye crayon to outline these petal lips. Malcolm at André Bernard cut this flower girl hair that billows out at the back and has a petal formation to frame the face.

Pick every flower scent in the garden. Chanel's Gardenia traps a sweet, heady scent; Lenthéric's Royal Rose is like a rose in rain; Coty's Muguet des Bois makes every day May Day; Le Galion's Snob is a rare rose.



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MOTORING

When Sir William Lyons took over Daimlers—first firm in Britain to manufacture the horseless carriage on a commercial scale—he acquired among other things a very excellent V-8 type of engine. It had been the power unit of the large and luxurious Daimler Majestic Major and, in a smaller 2½-litre size, of the sports two-seater SP250. Noting the gap between the sports car and the big saloons, Sir William decided to fill it with a V-8 engined version of his attractive Jaguar Mark 2 model. The result is the Daimler 2½-litre saloon which, apart from the traditional fluting on the radiator grille, is nearly indistinguishable, outwardly, from the Jag. Chief difference is the Jaguar's six-cylinder-in-line overhead camshaft engine of 2.4, 3.4 or 3.8 litres capacity.

Whether eight cylinders are better than six for an engine in this range of capacity is a matter for individual preference rather than for technical dogmatism. In America, where five, six and seven litres are more or less normal capacities for engines, they always use the V-8 principle for them, with six cylinders for the "compact" cars under about four litres. There should be greater smoothness with eight instead of six power strokes to every revolution, and as the eight cylinders are arranged in two banks of four, the length under the bonnet occupied by the engine is less than with six cylinders in line, and this allows the crankshaft to be shorter and sturdier. The sloping cylinders also reduce the V-8 engine's height, permitting a lower bonnet line. All this explains the new interest that is being taken nowadays in a power unit like the Daimler's. Certainly it runs with almost turbine-like freedom from vibration, and at its maximum develops 140 b.h.p. at 5,800 revolutions per minute, equivalent to a top speed of just over 96 m.p.h. on the automatic transmission fitted as standard to the car.

During my test run I found both the engine and the transmission very happily suited to one another; the latter is the product of Borg-Warner of Letchworth. One starts up the engine (it is a very easy starter) with the little selector lever under the steering wheel pointing to "N" (neutral), and moves

it to "R" (reverse) if one has to back out of the garage, or "D" if one wants to go ahead. Once in the "D" position, the gear changes itself up or down automatically according to the demands of speed or gradient, and to stop one merely puts on the brake; when one next presses the accelerator the low gear is already in engagement. For driving in towns, automatic transmission is a great boon because dawdling in traffic congestion merely involves judicious use of the accelerator and there is no clutch to slip. Main criticisms are that one has to be careful, after first starting up the engine and engaging forward or reverse drive, that oil drag in the cold gearbox does not send the car inadvertently creeping; and that top gear is always a trifle on the low side (in the case of the 2½-litre Daimler it is 4.55 to 1) and no overdrive can be fitted. But the Borg-Warner transmission has been a long time on the market. It is extensively used in America and over here I am told by a friend who operates a large fleet of hire cars that it has proved extremely reliable and needs very little maintenance.

The interior of this Daimler compares with the Jaguar—soft luxurious hide to the upholstery, deep pile carpets, rich walnut veneer to the fascia panel and so forth. If anyone knows how to finish a car so as to give its occupants a feeling of pride of possession, it is Sir William Lyons. The instruments, too, are good-looking, practical and well sited; there is nothing fanciful about them, and they give the air of having been designed and placed by people who are real motorists. So, also, with the handling and suspension: the steering is precise and not very heavy (power assistance is available if required). There is no body roll on bends and the springing is comfortable whatever the speed. The brakes are Dunlop disc all round, with vacuum servo operation to relieve the foot of heavy effort and give sensitive and progressive control.

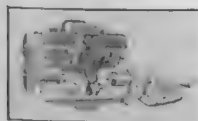
This Daimler 2½-litre is one of the nicest cars I have ridden in for a long time. And its cost? Inclusive of purchase tax, £1,568 19s. 7d. Will it fit your garage? In length it is 15 ft. 0 ins., in width 5 ft. 6½ ins., and it weighs 29 cwt.



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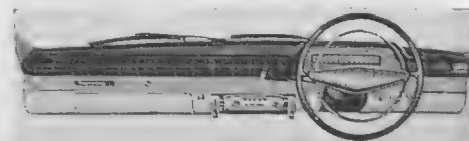
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Helen Burke / Cucumber days

DINING IN

I recently rediscovered a very easy to prepare salad, which I had forgotten for several years. It is called CUCUMBER SALAD and is Hungarian in origin. You do need the finest possible slicer, and the best is what is known as a "mandolin" which will cut to paper thinness.

Thinly peel a large hothouse cucumber and slice it paper thin on the mandolin. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon of salt, cover and leave for about 3 hours. Squeeze out all the moisture between two plates. Just about cover with the very best white wine vinegar or, even better, vinegar and water, half-and-half. Add a pinch of sugar and season further, if necessary.

Crush a very small clove of garlic and let it rest in the salad for a short time before removing it, so that the flavour is barely perceptible. It is a good idea to chill the salad. At the very last minute, add a very little chopped canned pimento. It is not strictly necessary, but it does add a little more than good looks.

If any of this salad is left over, it can be stored in the refrigerator for another day.

This same initial preparation is the beginning of a very pleasant GERMAN CUCUMBER SALAD. After squeezing out the moisture as above, add to the slices 2 to 3 tablespoons of sour (cultured) cream, beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of lemon juice. Sprinkle with a dessertspoon or so of chopped chives and chill before serving.

A practice which I believe is growing is to serve *pâté* on hot toast in the living room as the first course of a meal, instead of such appetite-killing snippets as nuts, crisps and the like. This allows a hostess-cook to absent herself from her guests to give any last minute attention to the main dish and also does away with the need for immediate clearing up in the dining room.

A few days ago I had lunch with an old friend, Guy Middleton, who has become a partner in Adam Goodhost & Partners, a firm which specialises in importing high-class unusual foods from all over. Among these, and new to this country, is a range of delicious *pâtés*, canned by Moulet in Marseilles. They are not the usual smooth pastes but

slightly grainy, which many people prefer. These *pâtés* originated in 1880 in the farmhouse kitchen of the then Madame Moulet, to be consumed in the bistro the family then owned. They became so popular that clients bought them to take away and, from this small beginning, business flourished.

I tasted wild boar, wild duck and turkey liver *pâtés* and found them excellent, and ideal to serve on toast in the living room. Harrods stock them from 6s. a can.

Several weeks ago, *Chez Maxim's, Secrets & Recipes from the World's Most Famous Restaurant*, presented by Countess Toulouse-Lautrec, came my way. It is a large, beautifully illustrated book, published by McGraw-Hill Book Company at £5 5s. Opposite every page of typescript in the recipe section is a full-page photograph in colour or black and white of one of the three dishes facing it. Ever since I received this book, I have been studying it with avidity.

Maxim's itself needs no introduction. All of us have at least heard of it, and one's education in the world of Paris restaurants is incomplete if one has not visited Maxim's and savoured its food. The Countess writes of "The Great Maxim's Tradition" and brings back, nostalgically, the great days of lavish entertaining—an era which has vanished and, probably, will never return. But, for me, the real interest lies in the recipes which appear in two sections—"The Haute Cuisine of Maxim's" and "The Home Cooking of France." They are presented in a way of which Escoffier would approve, and more fully and in greater detail than those in his *Guide to Modern Cookery*, which has been my desk, kitchen and bedside companion for many years.

Towards the end of this book, 16 large pages are devoted to "An Expert's Advice on French Wines" by Louis Vaudable of Maxim's—a very useful section, indeed. So is the final one on "Cocktails, Canapes and Appetisers." The writer remarks that cocktails, as we know them, are often advantageously replaced in France by a dry white wine, sherry or port, a glass of champagne, an aperitif based on wine or a wine punch.

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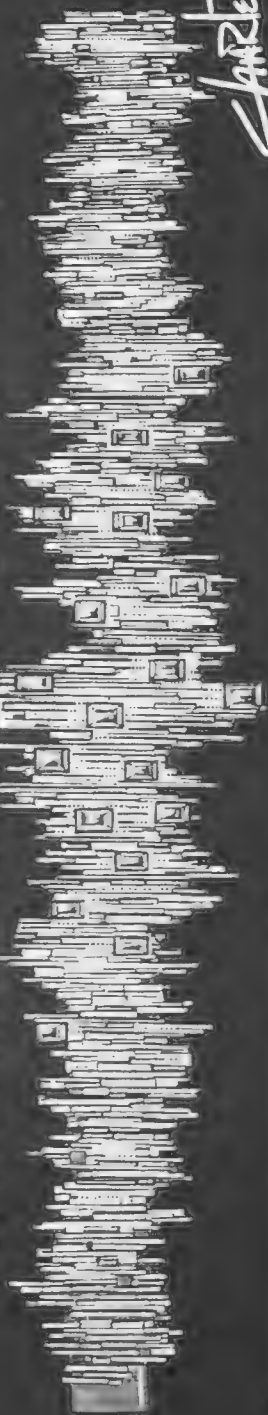
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David Morton/Those dashing young Blades

MAN'S WORLD

If a man isn't getting exactly the kind of clothes he wants from his tailor, or if he's had enough of that servile cantankerousness that many of them specialize in, the logical answer is for him to start his own bespoke tailoring business. That's precisely the course taken by Charles Hornby and Rupert Lycett-Green when they started Blades back in November 1962. Frankly, they're an odd pair to find in bespoke tailoring. Charles Hornby, who concerns himself with "front of house" matters, tops six foot and has broken most of his bones steepchasing, while Rupert Lycett-Green, who was one of the England bobsleigh team, took his wife to Cambodia in a Land-Rover for her honeymoon.

But they clearly aren't in the business for laughs, long holidays and the occasional suit. Blades means business, but professionalism here doesn't take a stuffy attitude to clothes.

There's a pleasant whiff of Edwardianism in the gas lamp outside 25 Dover Street, and inside a Sutherland lithograph against Japanese grasspaper walls, a drum, some early 19th-century costume prints and a copy of the *Sporting Life* all give some clue to Blades' character. There's even a hidden television, presumably to give the owners a last look at their morning coats when Ascot is televised.

But there are cloth swatches too, the best cloths from the best makers, shelved like books with a colour key on every binding. Dark greys and blues are most in demand, Mr. Joy, one of the cutters, told me. But bronze is increasing in popularity, with silver grey a strong contender in lightweights. Blades can get any cloth a customer asks for, but the swatches are the ones they like themselves.

And what about the style of the house? Well, Blades is for every man who thinks young and likes very well-cut but perfectly straightforward clothes. Natural shoulders, narrow trousers, slim jackets. No "beat" gimmickry. Mr. Joy told me they weren't conscious of steering towards any new trend—"but then a good cutter is doing that unconsciously all the time." If anyone asks for something particularly out of the ordinary, his suit will be

cut in such a way that it can be modified at the first or second fitting, when he has had time to reflect.

Beyond the two fitting-rooms are the workrooms, and for once I heard no sad tales of a lack of staff. At Blades the system differs from many other tailors—each man does the work he's best qualified to do. Elsewhere, one man may make one coat—an uneconomical method, since a production of ten coats a week would demand five top tailors. At Blades each man is a specialist, and virtually all the work is done on the premises, apart from the buttonholing and other finishing touches, which is traditionally done by outworkers. Basically, this is the production line system applied to fine tailoring—quite logical, in Mr. Joy's view. "No man makes a motor-car singlehanded, or an airliner," he pointed out. Certainly quality doesn't suffer—even the juniors, who are being trained by Blades' senior staff, plainly take a pride in their work.

Mr. Munro, another cutter, showed me the racks of finished clothes while Mr. Joy rushed off to avoid a £2 parking fine. There was a fine variety on splendidly formed hangers from Italy, shaped to preserve the shoulder lines of suits, jackets, hunting coats, morning coats and dinner suits.

The general impression was one of dashing discretion, restrained suits with a sudden glimpse of brilliant lining. Individualism is given full rein in the dinner suits Blades make; no two are quite alike. Whatever I saw—velvet smoking jacket, corduroy suit, morning coat, silk lightweight suit—scored a bull on that most elusive of targets, the look of a dandy who isn't flash.

And so, by starting their own bespoke tailors, Mr. Hornby and Mr. Lycett-Green have solved the problem of where to buy their clothes. Their pockets can't be outrageously well-lined as a result: suits are about average in price for this sort of quality, beginning at £47 for a two-piece in all materials except silk or cashmere.

And as further evidence that they aren't a bit hide-bound by the oldest established tradition of British tailoring, witness the 5 per cent discount for cash!

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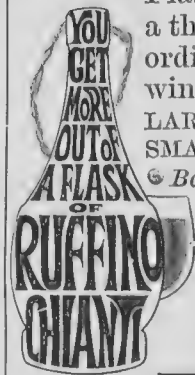
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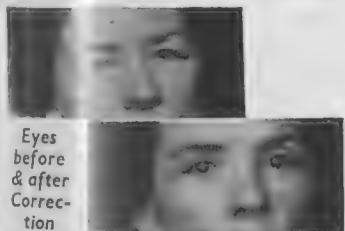
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Albert Adair / A fair to haunt

ANTIQUES

Climax of the London season for connoisseurs and collectors is the Antique Dealers' Fair, which opens this year at Grosvenor House next Wednesday, 10 June. This old established Fair, the first of its kind, is now the most popular one in the world and people come to it from the four corners of the earth to view, and often purchase, quality antiques of all types, whether they are priced at £10 or £100,000.

Last year there were 79 exhibitors. This year the figure has grown to 87, all of whom will be displaying pieces of unquestioned authenticity. Wartski as usual will have a variety of beautiful jewels and *objets d'art* to delight the eye on their stand, Garrard will be showing attractive items in silver and gold, and among the glorious furniture exhibits will be such examples as the exceptionally rare William & Mary Kingwood fold-over writing table on ball feet (*above right*), to be exhibited by H. W. Kiel.

This writing table, which measures 2 ft. 8 ins. in height, 3 ft. 6 ins. in width and 2 ft. 2 ins. in depth, has Kingwood oyster veneers in beautiful designs and its original brass escutcheons and brass knobs, as well as the original patinated brass hinges.

Secondly I have selected an extremely fine 18th-century burr walnut bureau bookcase (*right*) from Malletts' stand. The top and drawer borders are edged with brass mounts and it has the original brass escutcheons and carrying handles. The bureau-bookcase is 7 ft. 4 ins. high, the top is 1 ft. deep and the base 1 ft. 11 ins. deep. When opened, an elaborately fitted interior is disclosed, while another important feature is the original mirror plates.

Within a few hundred yards of Grosvenor House as the crow flies, at 144/146, New Bond

Street, Frank Partridge's Summer Exhibition will open on the same day, and I recommend a visit if only to see a poppet of a William & Mary walnut toilet mirror (*below right*) with its original cheval glass within a mirrored border inside a giltwood frame, surmounted by a giltwood "flaming torch". Similar finials also surmount the fluted walnut columns of the mirror. The sloping front inlaid with boxwood encloses small drawers and there is one drawer in the frieze with a serpentine front. The whole is supported on four paper-scroll toes.

This is just one of the treasures that will be on view at this enterprising small exhibition.



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Telephone: HYDe Park 8606 or International Sporting-Club, Information Dept.,
Monte-Carlo, Telephone 30 69 31.



Photograph by Percy Hennell

'Um casal raro'
(A RARE COUPLE)

MATEUS ROSÉ

CASAL GARCIA





BARRY FANTONI Teacher at the Croydon School of Art. London born but on his first visit to the Kingdom made an honorary subject thereof by general acclamation.

Stanley Archer talks Kingdom of Mourne

"It all began after the war, because it did not seem right to be known only for a song. The Mountains of Mourne do sweep down to the Sea but there is more to the Twelve Traditional Miles, from Maggie's Leap to the Cassiewater, than that. So in Kilkeel, the traditional capital, we held a Festival week which culminated in a Viking raid. But then we looked nearer home to the Kilkeel fishing fleet. Last year King Neptune entered the harbour on board the vessel which had won the Silver Prawn. King Archie I, the High King of Mourne, welcomed him, presented him with the Freedom of the Kingdom and, like any two kings, they exchanged gifts while maidens played traditional songs on Irish harps. This year we plan something different when our Festival week culminates on June 13th with the Prawn Festival. It will all be free and easy and informal, because we are easy and informal and kindly people. The Kingdom is known the length and breadth of the land as kindly Mourne, where, if you call at a cottage for a glass of water, they will give you a cup of milk, and where people still look up when an aeroplane flies overhead. Come and see for yourselves."

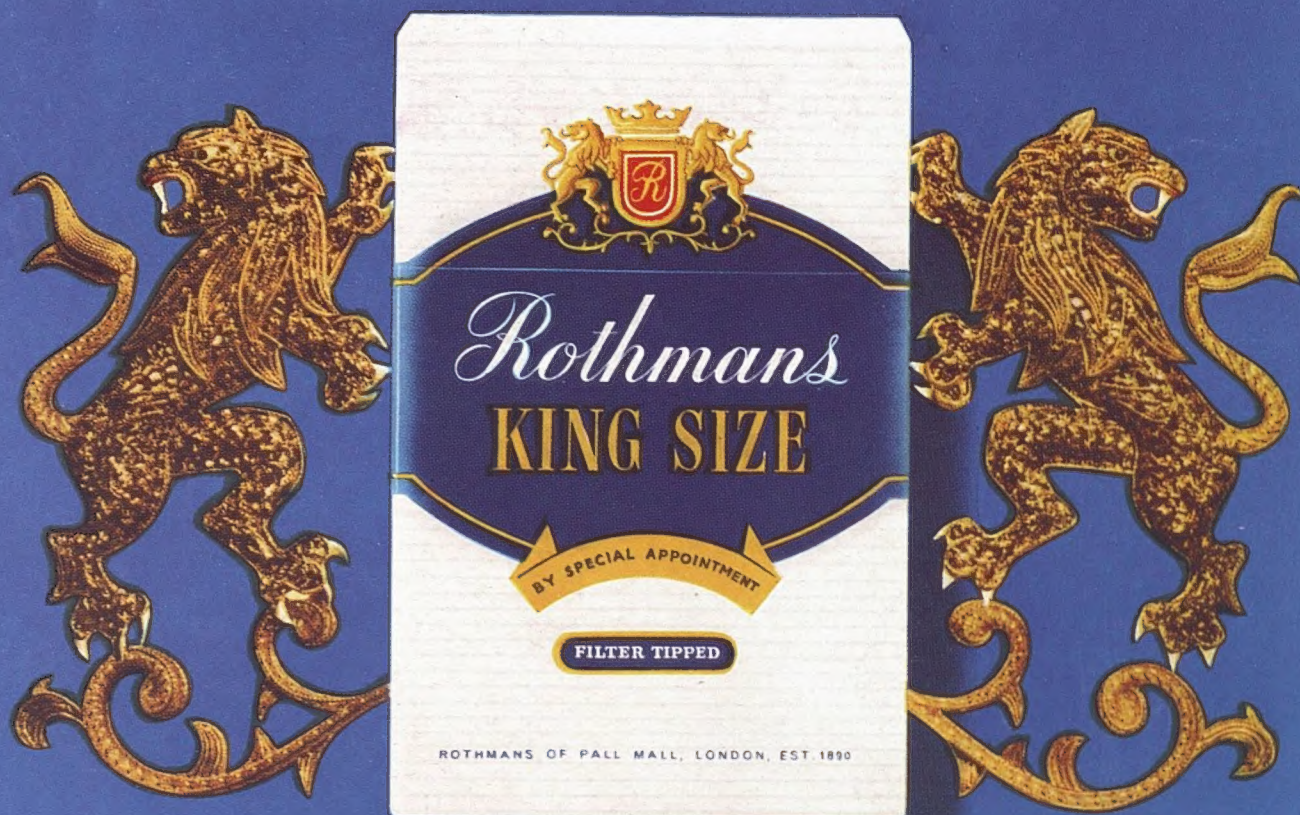


C. S. ARCHER Writer, broadcaster, Ulster Television personality, smallholder. He has "the right friends and, even more important, the right enemies." Public Relations Officer for the K.O.M.D.A.

A FEW FACTS: Kilkeel 45 miles from Belfast, 80 from Dublin, has a few small hotels and boarding houses, but their number is limited. People in the countryside let cottages, and there are many larger hotels just beyond the borders of the Kingdom. The Ulster Tourist Board, the Kingdom of Mourne Development Association or the Editor of the "Mourne Observer" will help with inquiries. In June, Mourne has the best weather and even more space and less pace than usual, with a silence you have to hear to believe. There is even a valley called after it. And on the Pedlar's Bray there is plenty of air no one has breathed except yourself. The roads are narrow but surprisingly good and anywhere along them you will get BP service with a smile and a bit of the local "crack"

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